The Bystander, November 30, 1928. Vol. C. No. 1302a.

The BYSTANDER

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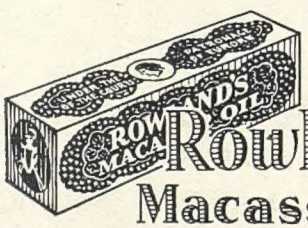

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Vol. C. No. 1302a.

The BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS NO.

BY WINIFRED C. HONEY

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY

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"He bowed ironically and answered coolly . . ."

A MATRIMONIAL ENTANGLEMENT

By MARJORIE BOWEN *Illustrations by OAKDALE*

LUCIEN confessed, with blushes, that he was in the toils of Madame de la Morilière, and that the description of her, as furnished by the ladies of his acquaintance, "as a puss, a minx, a designing piece," was true enough.

"But I must marry her," he concluded dolefully, "for she has so tangled me in her net that there is no escape."

"Fie upon such weakness and ungallantry," protested his friend, the Cavalier Lebeuf. "Putting the blame on the lady will not help the situation!"

"You do not know her tricks ——"

"It is their manner to have tricks—what else is there for them but tricks, after all, poor creatures?"

"You," Lucien declared, "have not to face an angry guardian who has other designs for you, who controls your fortune and has an austere temper!"

"What designs has M. Delaruelle for you, my poor Lucien?"

"Nothing less than a rich heiress," groaned the unhappy youth. "I have seen her and she is the sweetest creature in the world, she makes Madame de la Morilière look like a gipsy, she is submissive to a glance, and with enough money, Adrien, to pay all my debts and yours, too ——"

"Then marry her and receive the blessing of M. Delaruelle."

"But I am promised to Madame de la Morilière. Cannot you understand? And she will by no means let me go."

"I see no reason for the lady's tenacity," smiled the candid friend. "Nay, on reflection, I see three excellent reasons, your titles, honours, and estates."

Lucien flounced, like the pampered, idle, effeminate and vain youth that he was, and declared that the other had neither feeling nor understanding.

But neither his flouncings nor his complaints would help him; he had come up from his château with the purpose of seeing his uncle and guardian, and see him he must, though with such a sorry story on his lips, the more sorry that he had been rescued from an unapproved charmer in Paris and sent to the country to learn wisdom in seclusion, while M. Delaruelle prepared for him an establishment "worthy," as the phrase went, "of his rank." Lucien was considerably in awe of his uncle, who had been rendered, by a disappointment in his youth, harsh and difficult on the subject of feminine allurements, and who, early discovering the pleasures of life to be dusty to his taste, had devoted himself to business and was now a portentous figure in State affairs.

Keenly did he look forward to the happy day when he should be of age and at liberty to squander his estates, his health and his reputation as he pleased;

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"The lady who was attired with a nunlike sobriety"

meanwhile there was this disagreeable moment to be faced, and, sulk as he would, Lucien must face his uncle.

So he set out in his dove-coloured cabriolet with the glasses up to keep off the November winds, and two lusty hounds to run in front and clear the way, and a coachman with a long whip to lash the stray pedestrians from coming too close, and so arrived at the Hôtel Delaruelle at that very unpleasant time, the twilight of a wet autumn day, but with some state as befitting a "pair de France," or so he thought.

His uncle, who from a window had watched his equipage sweep into the forecourt, did not hesitate to express a contrary opinion.

"That coach is absurd for anyone but an opera dancer—and you are most ridiculously over-dressed; with all that powder, silk, lace and fal-lal you look more like a pet monkey than a man!"

Lucien was not impressed; he never had any respect for the taste of those who disagreed with him, so he bowed ironically and answered coolly:

"Monseigneur, we cannot all be so immersed in great matters as to be regardless of our appearance, or so intellectual as to be ignorant of the *mode*. *Dieu merci*," he added, impertinently putting up his quizzing-glass, "for I declare, my dear uncle, that you cut a very old-fashioned figure."

M. Delaruelle disdained this sally, but it did not improve his temper towards his nephew, whom he had disliked ever since he was an odious, spoilt child.

"Please do not answer my rebukes till you have the wit to understand them," he replied drily.

"By that time," said Lucien, bowing, "I shall be my own master and not need to hear them."

"I have no doubt," answered M. Delaruelle, "that you will ruin yourself, my dear Lucien, just as soon as you are at liberty to do so. Then, as you insinuate, it will be no affair of mine; at present it is, and I, as your guardian, must do my duty by it——"

"Then pray, Monseigneur, let that same duty be done as briefly as possible. I find nothing so boring as a grumbling virtue which does good for five minutes and preaches about it for over an hour."

"And I," replied his uncle, "find nothing so boring as a mincing young ape who tries for wit and falls on folly."

After which hopeful beginning the two gentlemen settled to business, the elder bringing out papers and account books and rent rolls, and the younger fetching yawns and sighs and deriving his only consolation from his own sparkling reflection in the only mirror the sober room afforded.

The room and the person of M. Delaruelle had, indeed, rather an affectation of plainness; he had been so absorbed in being of service to his country that he had neglected the graces of life, often observing that to be an honest statesman is a full occupation for any man.

What leisure he had over after his scrupulous labours was engaged in securing applause for them, for, as he remarked, it was not for the advantage of the country to have the great and good obscured and the wicked and paltry pushed to the front.

In short, M. Delaruelle had acquired a modicum of that boring quality which has, alas, too frequently

(Continued on page 6)

BY BARRIBAL

Throughout the world's stages from earliest ages wrote worldly-wise sages, "Eve's apple beware!"
But who can go steady 'neath glances so heady? It's "Ready, aye, ready" when mistletoe's there!"

B. V. W.

(*Continued from page 4*)

given Virtue a bad name, and, despite his earnest desire to do good to the unworthy, found that these usually fled his company, leaving him to that of those as dull and as useful as himself.

Having, therefore, his nephew and (unfortunately) the future head of his house before him, he did not neglect the opportunity to deliver a homily, under various heads, on the latter's vices, follies, and shortcomings.

Seeing that he was thus well in for it, Lucien made a dramatic diversion by relating his entanglement with Madame de la Morilière, even deriving a certain pleasure in the lengthening and blanching of his uncle's face.

"An entanglement! With a widow! Impossible!"

"I wish," replied Lucien pettishly, "that it were, but it is not, and you, my dear uncle, must make the worst of it——"

This M. Delaruelle at once proceeded to do, sparing no epithets in his denunciation of Lucien's idiocy.

"And how did this creature find you out?" he concluded. "Where were your tutor and your confessor and your steward that they did not protect you?"

"They were all courting her themselves," replied Lucien, "save M. l'Abbé, and he was occupied in writing a treatise on 'The Perils of Worldly Temptation to the Devout.'"

"Bah! Who is this Snake in the Grass, and how did she come to be at the Château Mailly?"

"She appeared, in a night, in a little farm on the estate; she was attired in mourning, and sought, she said, to fly worldly pleasures."

"And you had nothing better to do than to bring them to her notice, I suppose?"

"Absolutely nothing. And that was your fault—you should have allowed me to remain in Paris."

"And you have promised to marry her?"

"Before witnesses."

M. Delaruelle groaned.

"And I had obtained for you an heiress with a fortune!"

"I regret that myself," admitted Lucien. "I have seen the young lady and approve her; but Madame de la Morilière will be by no means put off——"

"Nonsense," cried M. Delaruelle. "You will return at once to Mailly, seek out this cunning adventuress, and repudiate all your engagements to her——"

"You don't know her—to see her is to consider her the most fascinating creature in the world. Only at a distance can I regard her calmly. If I were to see her again I should probably marry her immediately."

"Then," said M. Delaruelle grimly, "I must go."

Lucien was delighted.

"That, of course, would be most suitable; everyone knows how impervious you are, Monseigneur, to female charms—and everyone can see," he added in an aside, "how unlikely you are to inspire a tender passion—you are doubly safe."

This was a mere malicious sally, however, for M. Delaruelle was in the prime of life and a handsome man had it not been for a certain cast of rigidity in his face, due to condemning others, and a certain priggishness in his expression, due to a consciousness of his own good qualities.

He did not catch the last part of Lucien's speech, and the first flattered him.

"I have had my lesson," he remarked. "My youth was blighted by the faithlessness of Woman."

"And your character soured, most unfortunate——"

"Soured, my dear Lucien! My feet were turned from the way of folly, my eyes were opened; from a useless fop I became a not unworthy member of the Government. Yes, I really owe a great deal to Terèse. It was," he added reflectively, "a curious case. She was, I may say, in every way my inferior—birth, fortune, talent, character—and yet she jilted me, actually jilted me for a grinning fool with twopence a year!"

"I've heard the tale," said Lucien hastily, fearful of further reminiscences. "Yes, indeed, she must have had no taste whatever; no doubt she has by now heartily repented of her error."

"I believe she has," replied M. Delaruelle with stern satisfaction. "The last I heard of her she was living in indigence in Spain."

"Well," said Lucien, rising, "I take it that you will settle matters with Madame de la Morilière and leave me free to marry the delicious little heiress."

"I hope," answered his uncle grimly, "that this will be the last trouble that I shall have to take for you——"

"That is unlikely," remarked Lucien, "for you have, unhappily, a *penchant* for interfering——"

"Your impertinence is scarcely amusing. I am bound to endure you, Lucien, but do not make my task more disagreeable than it need be. Perhaps, after all, I need not go to Mailly. What could this wretched woman do if we ignored her?"

"Come to Paris and make an *esclandre*; she would relish doing that. She has, also, some notes of mine that I fear you would not call very sensible."

"Very well, then, I must sacrifice myself; my ease, my leisure, my duty to my country must all, Lucien, be sacrificed to you!"

"That," said the ungrateful youth, "is a sad thought, but consider the virtuous glow that will be your reward!"

M. Delaruelle then, in the heaviest of greatcoats and the worst of tempers, set out for Mailly, his nephew's estate; it was that season of the year when the roads were as vile as the weather and the humour of those forced to travel worse than either.

The cold triumphed over fur capes and footwarmers, over sips of old Cognac and pious thoughts; when M. Delaruelle pressed his reddened nose to the carriage window he saw a landscape that appeared to be traced in ashes and vinegar, a sky that looked like iron, and a varied collection of those filthy hovels in which Divine decree had placed the poor.

The inns, expecting no one at this time of the winter, were ill provided with everything save draughts and smoky fires, and M. Delaruelle was obliged to reflect that, plainly as he had lived, he had been a great deal more comfortable than he had supposed.

The second day, being one of perpetual wind, sleet and floundering of the horses in the mud, was a constant trial of the stoic patience that M. Delaruelle under different circumstances had found easy to employ.

Worse than this, as the darkness came on the postilions, with the stupidity of their kind, declared that they had lost their way. The road that they had been confidently following had proved to be no road at all, but had run into a track that turned into a gaunt and dreary wood. It was raining heavily, and the cold

(*Continued on page 8*)

Gordon Chase

"THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER"

(*Continued from page 6*)

was of a singularly penetrating order; to crown all, M. Delaruelle, on asking for the Cognac, discovered that this, by some singular oversight, had been left behind at the last stopping place.

It was an excellent occasion for the exercise of that philosophy that M. Delaruelle had always advocated, but he felt oddly disinclined to profit by it. Dismounting from the carriage into the icy slush, he viewed with dismay the barren woods, the rain-slashed prospect, the growing dark, the complete loneliness; and all his intelligence could bring him to no better conclusion than that already arrived at by the postilions, namely, that they must turn back and endeavour to discover the road to Mailly.

Even this course, however, was far from proving successful. The tempest increased, the lamps flickered in the wind, and the end of the business was the coach in a ditch with a broken wheel.

M. Delaruelle had now to emerge from the comparative shelter of the carriage and survey by the light of the surviving lantern the extent of the damage.

This was not considerable, but it was sufficient; it would be quite impossible to proceed further.

M. Delaruelle therefore took one postilion with him, together with the light, and, leaving the other two men reluctantly in charge of the broken equipage, set out to discover if some shelter might be found.

They were not long before they came upon a neat little house which, though it was not the kind of dwelling that the statesman usually honoured with his presence, he was extremely glad to see.

A vigorous knocking brought a pretty little maid to the door. M. Delaruelle, conscious of his draggled appearance, asked pompously if they were on the estates of Monseigneur le Duc de Mailly, adding that he was no less a person than the Marquis Delaruelle, that nobleman's uncle.

The servant replied respectfully that this was a long way from the Château Mailly, but that she was sure that her mistress the Baronne would desire them to take refuge against the inclemency of the weather.

The traveller jumped at the suggestion, explained the accident to the coach, and begged that assistance might be sent to his men and horses.

He was assured that the case would be put before the mistress of the house, and was shown (after being relieved of his dripping coat) into a snug, cosy parlour, where a huge fire burnt on the hearth, a rosy lamp glowed on the table, and a cushioned chair stood invitingly empty.

M. Delaruelle did not hesitate to make use of this, and stretched himself luxuriously before the warm blaze. His returning good humour was helped by the entry of the maid with a tray of cordials and the news that supper was in preparation.

"Evil fortune," remarked M. Delaruelle, who, left alone with the cordials, had carelessly drunk rather more glasses of these excellent liqueurs than he was aware of, "seldom resists the steady fortitude of the lofty minded." And he smiled at the row of bottles with a smile slightly fatuous.

The entry of his hostess brought him, in some confusion, to his feet.

The lady, who was attired with a nunlike sobriety, a mourning cap with lappets, and a housewifely apron, regarded him expectantly.

"Terèse!" he cried.

"Exactly. How nice of you to remember the name!" And she sat down beside him as he sank, astonished, into the great chair.

"What an extraordinary meeting!" he stammered. "I — er — thought you were in Spain."

"So I was," she said demurely,

"but I have returned, a chastened and, I trust, a better woman."

"Alphonse?" he murmured.

"Dead."

"He would be," said M. Delaruelle. "He was that sort of man."

"A sad error," the widow admitted frankly. "I assure you that if I have wept it was not for his demise, but for my wasted youth."

"That I can believe—and he left you——?"

"A pittance and the memory of a mistake."

M. Delaruelle smiled the smile of one justified of himself.

"My dear Terèse! Now I hope that you will confess that you were foolish to cast me off!"

Terèse threw up her charming eyes.

"Is there need to confess? And you, Armand, have become a great man!"

"Terèse presiding at the table in a charming undress"

"I trust that I have been of some service to my country, and there I will allow you some merit. Had you not early shown me the vanity of earthly affections, I might not have been the man I am now!"

"I was never," sighed Terèse humbly, "good enough for you, Armand—a little, silly, vain thing!"

"Well, well," he replied generously, "we will not dwell on that. You, no doubt, have paid for your foolishness. Now tell me what you are doing here and how you employ your time."

"I live in this secluded spot in the retirement suitable to my estate," she said. "I work for the poor, and add to my scanty income by fine needlework."

"I am glad that you are of such a turn of mind," he remarked approvingly, thinking how plump and comely and neat she still was. "And now perhaps you can help me in a very disagreeable business. Are we near the Château Mailly?"

"No, we are not."

"Dear me! how that fool must have mistaken the road. Well, that simpleton, Lucien, my nephew, has actually entangled himself with a designing female, one Terèse, a widow like yourself, but in character far different!"

"Fie, monsieur," protested the lady, casting down her eyes. "I hope that this is a tale that the strictest decorum would permit to be unfolded?"

"Yes, yes, though I admire your caution. Have you heard of a certain Madame de la Morilière?"

"Monsieur, I have. Let my blushes complete my answer."

"Is she —— then? ——"

"She is. Pray pursue the subject no further."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried M. Delaruelle, pouring himself out another glass of cordial. "Is it as bad as that?"

"It is. This reproach to her sex has allured by the basest of means all the youths of the neighbourhood, among them your nephew. Let us avert our eyes, Armand, from the degrading spectacle."

"I can't. I've got to rescue the young fool. His marriage is arranged for him ——"

"In Heaven?"

"No, in Paris, a more definite, if a less reputable locality. I do not remember, Terèse, that you used to be so pious and proper."

"Armand! Have you forgotten my years, my situation? What is there for a woman blighted in her affections, deceived in her marriage, but a retirement given to good works and circumspect behaviour?"

"Of course, of course," he agreed hastily. "Now as for this Madame de la Morilière—where does she live?"

"At the very gates of Château Mailly, which she regards as her future residence."

"I must buy her off," sighed M. Delaruelle. "She is, of course, unscrupulous, rapacious, heartless?"

"To the last degree."

"What the devil could Lucien have seen in her?"

"That, Armand, you should be able to answer better than I," replied Terèse demurely. "It is useless to ask a virtuous female of what consist the attractions of the —— er —— other sort."

"Quite so. But you will have noticed if she is pretty?"

"I always drop my veil when we chance to meet," said Terèse with a shudder.

"Well, well," said M. Delaruelle, resigned, "I must see her myself, that is all. I shall not spare her, I assure you."

"How was it that you left Lucien unprotected so long? I have often wondered."

"How could I guess that in a spot so secluded there would be danger? And you might have warned me!"

"I dare not bring myself to your notice—nor was it an affair in which a female of delicacy could with propriety interfere."

M. Delaruelle regarded his long-lost love with an approval that was not unmingled with amazement. Never, surely, since the days of Luther had there been such a reformation!

Gone were all her wild, roguish tricks, her indiscreet talk, her flighty airs, her careless laugh, the hundred fripperies of her dress, her rouge and powder, her trinkets and laces; she was as demure a piece as the soberest of men could desire.

"Is it possible," thought her former lover, "that this change is due to my precepts? To remorse and regret at my loss?"

Never surely had a man ever received such a compliment; and the meek creature seemed to expect no reward; though he observed her glances of shy adoration they were not tempered by hope; she was content to worship from afar the rich prize she had, in her flippant youth, so wantonly flung away!

"I am glad, my dear Terèse," he said, feeling outwardly and inwardly warmed and comforted, "that any recollection of me or of my admonitions should have had this gratifying effect of making you change the mode of life to which I so strongly took exception. I commend your efforts, and you may be comforted in your seclusion by the knowledge that your, er —— penitence has been appreciated, yes, my dear Terèse, appreciated!"

"How beautifully you speak!" she cried, tears of gratitude in her eyes. "Believe me, Armand, never shall I again transgress those rules of decorum, the breaking of which cost me, alas, my life's happiness!"

M. Delaruelle had begun by now to forget that it was the lady who had jilted him and to believe that it was he who had left the lady; this added to his state of spiritual comfort, and when he heard supper announced he smiled with greater amiability than he had shown for years.

The supper was excellent. Terèse had evidently not included the pleasures of the table among the vanities she had renounced, and M. Delaruelle relaxed to that cosy state and sleepy repletion when there is a positive delight in sitting in a warm room with a good meal on the table and listening to the winter wind howling without.

He was beginning to think, with delicious anticipation, of a soft bed, a warming pan, and a tempting breakfast in the distance, when Terèse rose and said:

"Now, my dear Armand, I hope that you are sufficiently refreshed to continue your journey."

"Continue my journey!"

"I do not know if you can find the Château Mailly, for it is very dark and stormy and I have no guide to send with you, also I fear you must go on foot, as your coach had to be left in the ditch and I have no carriage ——"

"But why? Surely I may trespass on your hospitality to the extent of a bed!"

"Fie, Armand, what are you suggesting? Consider my reputation!"

"Consider the night, Terèse—why, there is a storm fit to blow one away—icy cold, torrents of rain," cried M. Delaruelle in dismay.

"Armand, you forget yourself; surely it is better that you should expose yourself to—and even perish in—the tempest than that the rules of decorum should be offended!"

"Rules of decorum!" answered the exasperated gentleman. "You overdo it, Terèse; your good name—and mine—are now above slander——"

"They are not," said the lady firmly. "I am an unprotected female, living alone. What have I if I lose my fair fame?"

"And what have I if I break my neck in a ditch or catch a mortal chill?"

"A clear conscience," she replied modestly. "Oh, can I believe it possible that he for whose sake I reformed my whole mode of life is now tempting me to a gross indiscretion?"

"Fudge," cried M. Delaruelle, almost rudely. "There is no indiscretion, the storm covers all. Besides, who need be the wiser?"

"A dozen people know you are here, your men, my maids; they have heard us address each other—I fear very imprudently—in the familiar mode—and would it be so difficult for gossip to discover that once we cherished a tender passion for each other?"

These arguments left M. Delaruelle cold.

"It is an indecency," he exclaimed, "to turn a man out a night like this!"

"Then what is it to rob a poor widow of her one possession, her good name? Armand, I will not be compromised because you fear to face a little rain."

"A little rain! *Mon Dieu!* You are altogether too high flown and fantastical, Terèse; I swear I never compromised anyone."

"That I can believe, Armand, but the argument is unaltered. Fie, would you have me spoken of as another Madame de la Morilière!"

"There can be no danger. My hair is grey and yours ought to be," he replied snappishly. "Surely that is our defence?"

"'Twill but add a touch of ridicule to the *esclandre*," she sighed. "And you may be grey, Armand, though I vow I thought you were powdered, but I, alas, am not yet counted past the period of feminine weakness!"

(*Continued on page 12*)

His Stockin' Trade

BY STARR WOOD

KING SOLOMON CATCHES SIGHT OF HIS WIVES' CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

(*Continued from page 10*)

M. Delaruelle pulled the curtains and tried to look out, but saw only blackness; opened the window, and was met by a blast that nearly sent him backwards—a filthy night, there was no doubt of that.

"You will feel odd if my corpse is discovered frozen or drowned or broken by the way," he said morosely.

"I shall feel that you have died in a good cause. As one whose principal occupation was observing the proprieties should die. Come, Armand, I will send for your coat, which must be nearly dry, and you will take your staff and set out, trusting in that God who is the sure protector of Innocence——"

"I never boasted that manner of Innocence," retorted M. Delaruelle, exasperated, "nor was I so presumptuous as to expect Heaven to provide me with a guardian angel—— "

"Pray, Monsieur," replied the lady primly, "begin, then, to-night to solicit for one, for I doubt whether, without that Divine Protection, you will get as far as the Château Mailly."

As she rang the bell to summon the maid M. Delaruelle groaned; plainly she was inexorable, too rigidly had she learned the lesson that in their mutual youth he had tried in vain to teach her, and he heartily wished that he had left the matrimonial affairs of Lucien to disentangle themselves, as, indeed, they would now probably have to, for he greatly doubted if he should survive the rigours of the winter storm.

Bitterly he watched while a lantern, his greatcoat and hat (still far from dry), were fetched, and sourly he asked if his men had fared any better than himself?

"They are housed in the stables, long since disused and, I fear, rat-ridden, but naturally my maids, all chosen for their impeccable characters, refused to allow them to remain in the house."

When M. Delaruelle reached the door and heard the wind and the rain, felt the cold and saw the dark, he nearly decided to beg permission to share the stables with the postilions, great as that sacrifice of his dignity would be.

Terèse was meanwhile giving him directions as to his road; confused they sounded, nor was the adventure rendered more enticing by her warning that "banditti" were known to lurk in the woods between her house and the Château Mailly.

At the last moment, however, the lady relented, or, rather, conceived a brilliant compromise; there was, she said, a summer-house at the end of the garden, known, from the statue of Eros it contained, as the "Temple d'Amour," and there the uninvited guest might spend the night; stone certainly and damp possibly was this refuge, but better, perhaps, than a journey through the storm.

M. Delaruelle agreed; a straight-faced Abigail, whose virtue was obviously unassailable by the influence of any god or temple of love, muffled herself up and, with a martyred air, conducted M. Delaruelle through the wet and cold to the summer-house, and there left him with the lantern and the coy deity, who for the moment surveyed a barren kingdom.

As soon as he was left alone M. Delaruelle discovered that he had forgotten to ask for pillows or blankets; there was nothing for it but to wrap himself in his damp greatcoat and lie on one of the damp stone seats. Wind and rain blew in through the elegant pillars of the open entrance, and, shift his position as he would, he could by no means become either dry or comfortable. After some hours of this a stiffness and numbness overcame his limbs that made him fear he was seized by a creeping palsy; this was followed by shooting pains that showed he was in the grip of his old enemy, rheumatism.

Sheer fatigue brought him some snatches of uneasy sleep disturbed by nightmares, and when at last the late winter daylight penetrated into the summer-house it was with a cold and sour eye that the shivering M. Delaruelle glanced at the frozen figure of the jaunty Cupid and with a leer of disgust that he thanked him for his icy hospitality. The storm had abated, but even by the light of day the prospect looked desolate; the only cheerful thing in sight was a rosy light in the windows of the house.

M. Delaruelle wished to hide his disordered and discomfited person in retreat, to hasten away to the nearest inn for rest, refreshment, and a wheelwright, but the lure of that sparkling, rosy light was too strong; a breakfast and a fire proved irresistible temptations; he moved stiffly towards the house.

The tempting perfume of frothing chocolate came to his nostrils as he approached the parlour window, and as he passed he looked in greedily.

There was the breakfast of his desires, the most elegant of equipages set by the most cosy of fires—and there was Terèse presiding at the table in a charming undress, all knots of pink ribbon and falls of blonde lace, in a coquettish cap that made her appear not a day more than twenty-five; so far so good, and a pretty enough picture—but Terèse was not alone.

Who was that lounging in the comfortable chair opposite, with his toes to the blaze and a smile of lazy self-satisfaction on his face?

No one in the world but Lucien, that miserable "scapegrace!"

M. Delaruelle tapped on the window in blind, bewildered fury.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Lucien, "it is a ghost!"

"Of a good man," murmured Terèse, serving sugar, "even though he did die in the Temple of Love!"

Lucien rose languidly and opened the window an inch or so.

"It is not a ghost, but uncle," he remarked. "We thought you must be dead. You really can't come in, you're far too damp and dirty, Monseigneur."

"Terèse!" cried M. Delaruelle, his eyes glaring.

"Oh, fie, is she Terèse to you?" exclaimed Lucien. "Occupying a lady's summer-house hardly gives you the right to use her so familiarly."

"Fool!" said M. Delaruelle furiously. "What are you doing here?"

"Arguing with you. I was so moped in Paris that I came down here yesterday morning to pay a little visit to Terèse—— "

"Terèse!" groaned M. Delaruelle.

"I suppose," said Lucien, bored, "you never thought to ask her other name? It is Madame de la Morilière. And now I must close the window. There is a plaguy draught."

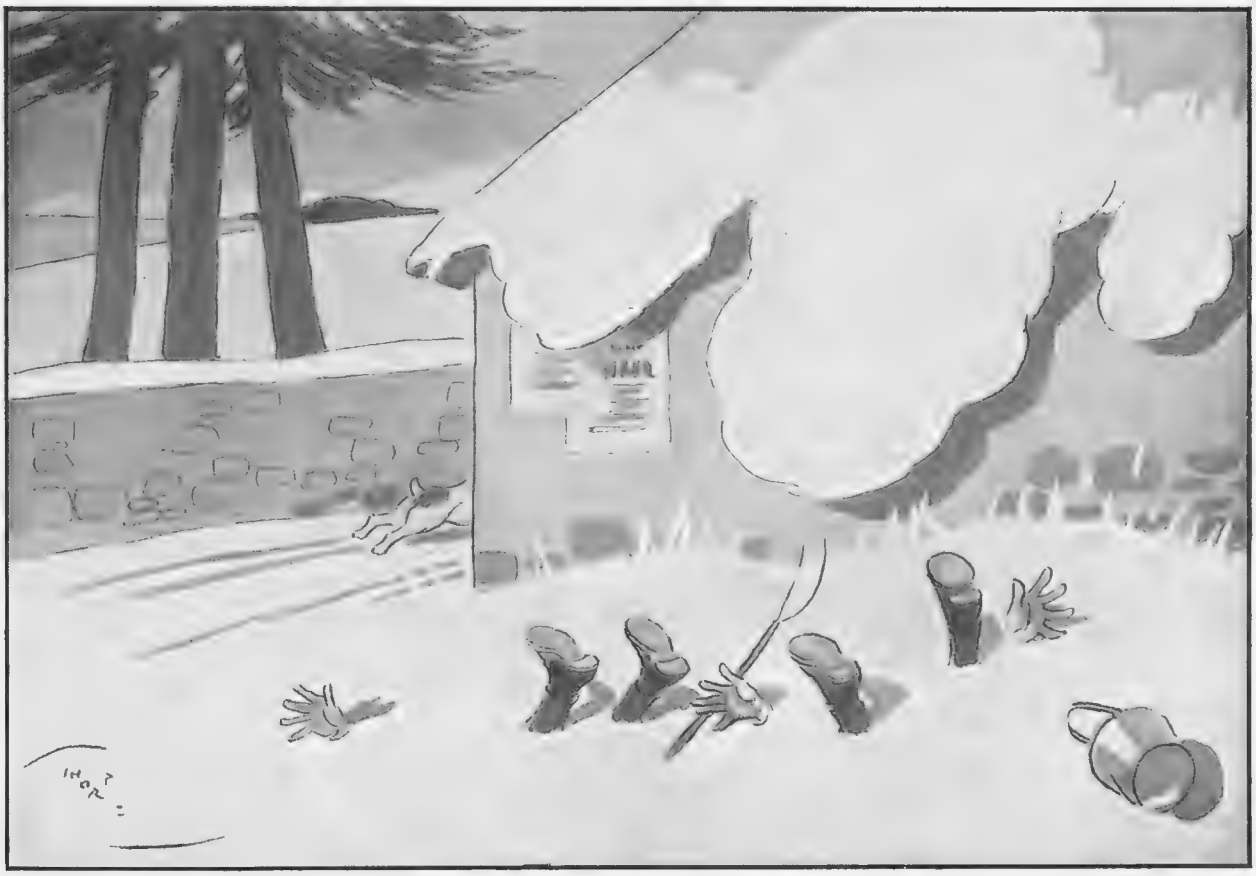
He slipped the bolt and drew the curtain, from behind which floated the aroma of chocolate, and laughter.

It was a drab consolation to think that both belonged to a wicked woman.

M. B.

"Oh, What a Fall was there, My Countrymen!"

"And I shouldn't be a bit surprised, William, if before we're very much older we don't get some—



BY THORPE

—MORE!"

XMAS

A FESTIVE BOARD MEETING

CARRICK—ATURES

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS

If I met him at Xmas, why, then, in two ticks,
I'd be able to crack some new jokes about Jix!

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

He'd talk to me of spiritistic gnomes;
Besides, there is no place nor p'lice like Holmes!

MR. A. J COOK

Though argument would be no use;
I'd like to stop, and cook his goose!

DEAN INGE

At heart, they tell me he is ripe and mellow;
Moreover, he's a most Inge-nious fellow!

MR. BERNARD SHAW

How nice to sit before some cosy curtain,
And hark to one who is so Shaw and certain

LORD LONSDALE

Though I am not one of the sporting stars,
I'd love to smoke one of his fat cigars

MR. OWEN NARES

Were I to stay with Owen Nares,
I'd give myself such knowin' airs!

HOSTS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

BY MATT

THE SITWELLS

Into their company I'm sure I'd fit well;
A halo round my head would surely sit well!

MR. HARRY PRESTON

I know that the "bubbly" would be on the shelf,
And Harry is always a "host" in himself!

MR. GENE TUNNEY

Christmas with him, I'm sure would be O.K.;
I think I'd leave though, before "boxing" day!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

His inflammable temper might stir up your gorge,
But I'd love to eat turkey with celluLloyd George!

LORD BIRKENHEAD

O'er the sherry that's brown, and the port that is red,
I'd read him "The Wreck of the *Birkenhead*!"

MR. H. G. WELLS

I'd like to learn the secret of his spells,
The truth that's at the bottom of the wells

MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE

Within his lordly house I'd take mine ease;
'Twould be a case of help-yourSelfridges!

THE PIPES OF

All through the ages Pan has had his persistent feminine following, although even those who have come under his spell have knows—there may be a hint of a puckish smile under the white beard and a puckish lilt about his walk—

BY GORDON NICOLL

PANTACLAUS

not always realised it. Once a year, at Christmas, a benevolent old gentleman takes a place in our thoughts, and—who for his following is as great as Pan's and some of his wares are the same as those of that impish deity

BY WILMOT LUNT

CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE LINKS

"The Golfing Season is now drawing to a close"

"Then, abruptly, he dropped all pretence. 'Any chance of a job round your way, sir?'"

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

By LEONARD DIMERA

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

As I stepped out of Booker's drug store into the glare of a typical Demerara dry-season day he accosted me with an ingratiating smile of surprised welcome, hand outstretched.

"Why, hullo!" cried he, "you here?"

One glance told me all there was to know. His shabby suit, dirty collar, worn-out shoes; his gaunt, hungry features; all these betrayed him. I did not know him from Adam, but I had met his kind before. Ignoring the outstretched hand, I moved off. But it takes a lot to abash these down-and-out ex-overseers—the cast-offs of the planting community, the shame of their fellow whites. He followed me, crying: "I hardly recognised you. Let's see, you're Mr. ——?" He paused. I did not supply the name I knew he was awaiting. Undaunted, he tried again.

"Yes, of course. Still at Plantation ——?" Still I was not to be caught.

"I think I met you at the Ice House some time ago," he persisted, less confidently. Once more a chilly silence. Then, abruptly, he dropped all pretence.

"Any chance of a job round your way, sir?" Curtly I informed him that there was not.

"Hard luck," said he, receiving the news in a casual way which told how used he was to rebuffs. "Could you not help me yourself, sir? I'm in difficulties, haven't eaten for the day. Even a sixpence would——" and he pitched the usual hard-luck story. His manner was the humble, glib, wheedling one of long practice, yet with an undercurrent of real pathos in it—the terrible despairing self-pity of the social outcast held fast by the steely chains of habit to a worthless mode of existence; hopeless of escape, yet now and then looking back with shame and regret and wild longing to the memory of better times. Pity, anger and contempt were aroused in me, and one other thing—my business instinct. I took him across to the Hotel Tower, that month-end rendezvous of overseers, and, braving a broadside of staring eyes, led him to a table in a quiet corner of the bar-room and ordered a good meal for one, and drinks for two, speeding the gaping waiter with a tip.

Not until my guest had laid down his knife and fork with a contented sigh and had accepted a cigarette did I speak. Then, "Look here, what's-your-name," said I, "I'm not giving you all this for nothing. You'll have to work for it. No, don't look so scared! Not that kind of work, work that you like and are good at; in fact, the work that makes your living. I want you to tell me a story. I know you fellows have had a lot of queer experiences. But I must give you fair warning—what you tell me may appear in print—no names mentioned, of course. Besides being a planter, I'm one of those chaps whose special brand of lunacy is lying on paper; one of those whom the public pays to fool them. No, not a politician, merely an author—of sorts. So, you see, we're brothers under the skin."

The member of the Stabroek Market Pillar-Proppers' Association looked relieved. Soothed by the good food, drink, and tobacco he became genial. My man-

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 22)

"This Christmas Shopping Business":

Switzerland means sunshine, snow, and Stephanie shopping on skis,

Rosemary, on the Riviera, buys gifts in quaint markets like these:

A "Male" Order in Four Countries

To Cecily Cairo's enchanting, with its lure of the glamorous East,

BY GLADYS PETO

While Lesley, who lingered in London, doesn't like the idea in the least!

(*Continued from page 19*)
to-man treatment of him had awakened the remnants of self-respect in him and he was anxious to discharge his debt of gratitude.

" A yarn, eh? " he mused. " Yes, I think I'll be able to manage that. I'm a lawyer for lies."

He related a rather amusing incident in his apparently chequered career. Nothing worth while repeating here, but in the telling of it he unconsciously revealed a thorough knowledge of the characters of the mixed crowd employed as labourers on British Guiana sugar plantations—Calcutta coolies, Madrasees, Punjabis, and Blacks whose forefathers were brought to the colony as slaves from Africa. The yarn illustrated their point of view on the subject of Truth: " Man got fo' talk lie li'l' bit, but no mus' talk lie fo' get fin' out." (By the way, that philosophy is not confined to those labourers. Some white men I know . . .)

" Yes," ended my friend, " those were the days . . . "

He broke off to stare at nothing in particular with a reminiscent gaze.

I too sat smoking and reflecting lazily. The whole atmosphere of the place was conducive to sloth. The cool shade of the room in contrast to the hot glare outside, the drowsy murmur of conversation, the pleasant tinkle of ice in glasses.

Presently I glanced at my companion, who was still deep in a brown study. I could guess what he was thinking of. He was wishing that all the rest of his life could be like the present—luxurious and lazy. If only he had enough to keep him in workless comfort he would be well content. Never to have to wonder where the next scanty meal was to come from, always to be sure of a shelter, ever to be free from those annoying police; for all this (thought I) he would even try to give up the drink.

I studied his face with interest. Rather an attractive one in spite of the ravages of dissipation.

It was then that I recognised him. He had changed a great deal with the passing years, and his unkempt and unshaven condition (he had been a bit of a fop formerly) made him yet more unrecognisable. Evidently he had not recognised me. I wondered why. Surely I had not changed so much. But then, I considered, a planter's life is a hard one, the climate enervating, and malaria had done its little bit too. Or perhaps he knew me, but seeing that his face had awakened no memory in me, he was ashamed to declare himself, though he could not resist the temptation to cadge a badly needed meal.

I leant forward and touched him on the shoulder so that he looked up and met my gaze.

" Arthur," I called quietly.

He suppressed a start and looked at me strangely. I kept my hand on his shoulder and went on:

" Don't you know me, Arthur? Don't you know your own brother Jim? Yes, it's I, all right, although I've changed a bit in five years. You needn't be ashamed to reveal yourself, old chap. I've seen a bit of life since I came out to the Colonies looking for you, and I quite understand. You've had a hard time."

I waited. No answer came from the figure staring at me from across the table. I tried again:

" Poor boy. I see what's wrong. You've lost your memory or something. Come, try to remember. Can't you remember the old home in Enfield, which you ran away from in a fit of temper after that unfortunate row with the dad over Dolly Glenister? And the old dad himself and mother and the girls? Surely you haven't forgotten *them?* Try, think a bit."

For a while he sat there still silent, brow furrowed in concentration of thought. Then he gave the triumphant " A-ah! " of one who has suddenly recalled something which has long been eluding his memory. And, hesitatingly:

" Wait, I think I remember—in part, anyway. You're right, Jim—I suppose you really are Jim? I couldn't swear to that, you know. All I know is that I have seen your face somewhere before, at home, which I remember in a dim kind of way. If I were to see you as you were before we parted I think everything would come back to me. You've changed a lot, I suppose, and so your face alone can't give me the little start that would lead to complete recollection. Yes, you're right. I've lost my memory. For a good time now, I think, I've been going under an assumed name because I don't know my own."

He spoke, as I said, hesitatingly, as if the words were being forced from him. His expression was strange. He looked more like a man torn between two desires, or in great temptation, than like one slowly coming to remembrance of an elusive past.

" I knew it," I smiled. " And now, just you come along with me and I'll get you properly fixed up and nursed into your right mind. And then we'll see about settling you in a good job."

Still my new-found relation hesitated.

" Yes," said he slowly, more forcedly than ever, " Yes, you must tell me all about the family and everything and I'll soon recall all."

A short silence. I looked at him keenly and half-rose, saying " Come along."

" Wait," called Arthur. I sat down again. And then his words came in an excited torrent!

" For five years, ever since I went on the streets, no white man has treated me as anything but a dirty, good-for-nothing drunken loafer, a damn nuisance out of jail. And I know I'm all that. But you—you've treated me as a man, although I didn't deserve it. You were not ashamed to eat and talk with me publicly. I can't carry on with this. I can't swindle you so, even for a fresh start in life. You've been too decent to me. I'm not your brother, sir, though I must resemble him very much for you to be deceived. I was tempted by the prospect of the old life and society again to impersonate him and I yielded. But I can't go on with it. After all, I'm a low dog, but I'm still a white man. Don't think too badly of me. I'd intended to go straight with you if I'd pulled it off. And I was honestly sorry for you about your brother."

He paused and smiled twistedly at me, relieved by his confession, then seeing the pity and sympathy in my eyes, thrust out his hand impulsively and said: " Will you shake before I go, sir? It'll help me to go a little straighter. You're a good sort "—as I complied —" Good-bye and God bless you."

" Hold on," said I, not releasing his hand. " Don't be in too much of a hurry. If you don't know me, I know you. I met you in that affair of the East Coast plantation riots eight years ago. You were a decent young chap then. And by golly you are yet. I've just tested you to see. Come along! A tailor's first, I think. Must be respectably dressed for that job."

Then, as he followed me, bewildered and incredulous:

" You see, I've never had a brother," I said. L. D.

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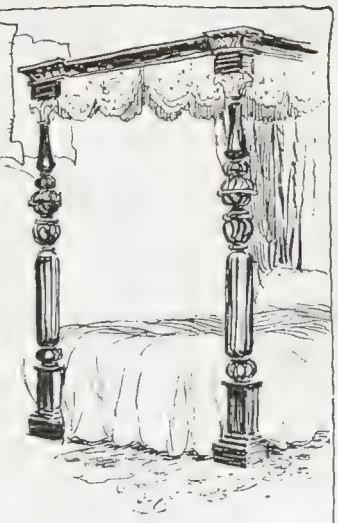
QUEEN BESS AND THE BED

A Legend of the Good Old Days

By BRUCE WOODHOUSE *Illustrated by BERTRAM PRANCE*

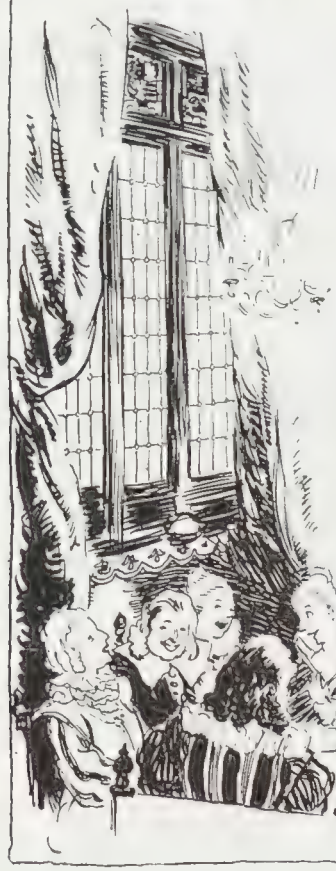


SIR PETER DE BRIEGH was as poor as could be,
His coffers of good English money were free,
In fact, in the whole of the land you'ld ne'er meet a
Brave English knight more hard-up than Sir Peter.
But one gift he possessed, he was happily blest
With a fund of good stories of quip and of jest
Which, though somewhat risque, he told with such zest
That the fame of his name spread North, South, East and West.

Now it chanced Good Queen Bess (whom I'm bound to confess
At a gay, naughty *conte* seldom showed much distress,
On a journey to Deal cried "Gadzooks! But we feel
That a sight of this knight might make troubles seem light,
Send a page to his Manor near Sevenoaks, Burleigh;
We'll dine at his board and then turn in full early,
And unless gossips lie, we shall notice this night
Though his board groaneth heavy, his talk floweth light."

At Sir Peter de Briegh's there's such a to-do!
The staff's in a stew and Sir Peter is too,
His language, in fact (like his blood), is all blue
For alas and alack, only half a week back
When the outlook was black and his hope nearly dead
HE HAD SOLD ALL THE GUEST-CHAMBER SUITE SAVE THE BED!
And no sovereign on earth would consider it fair
To sleep in a spare room so notably "spare."

The supper is served and the wines circulate
At a terrible rate as the hour fast grows late,
But Sir Peter in terror still keeps up a fine flow
Of epigram, anecdote, quip and *bon mot*,
For if he should grow boring, prosy or slow,
The Queen's bound to go to her chamber and Oh!
When she sees what a cheerless room's waiting to greet her,
It's good-bye to your hopes AND your head, dear Sir Peter!



The cold winter's dawn gleams opaque through the lattice
Ere Her Majesty finally calls out a "Satis"
And cries, "Well, we're blest! We've lost a night's rest,
Though we're bound to confess it was all for the best,
So, ere we take horse, we intend to repay
Your recital so gay in a suitable way.
Here are five hundred ducats. Go fetch two sheets of vellum—
When I've written thereon your descendants may sell 'em."

Sir Peter's descendant in this year of grace
With shimmy and "chemmy" has so gone the pace
That you'll grieve much to hear at the start of the year
There was left but that bed and those vellums now sere,
But a Yankee collector who happened along
Made his life one sweet song, paying out hot and strong
For the bed which he said stood alone in the world
When he'd read these few words on the vellums unfurled

"Thys is to gyve worde thatte Sir Peter de Briegh
Oweneth a bed wondrous to a degree;
Inne ye whole offe our realme tis unique inne thys daye
As ye onlie one whereon Queene Bess never laye!"

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

COLLECTED BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA

MR. RALPH LYNN

I WAS seventeen and assistant manager in a theatrical company when, without notice, the "Heavy Man" decamped.

There were no understudies, so I had to take his place. It was a moving play, and the most harrowing moment was when I, as the Admiral, had to condemn the hero to death.

The Heavy Man *was* heavy. I wasn't. I imagine I looked something between a hop-pole and the side view of a sardine. But I was terribly keen to do my best.

The frockcoat he wore for the part was festooned around my waist with a belt. My cocked hat concealed the shining dome of a pantaloon's wig—the only one available!

The audience was tense with excitement.

I rose to pass sentence and removed my hat . . .

Well, it's some years ago now, but I am still trying to get a laugh half as loud or half as long.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS

THE owner of a large country house with some shooting invited a Cockney friend to come down and spend a few days with him.

One morning his solicitor arrived, and as he had some important business to transact he was compelled to leave the London friend to his own devices.

Not wishing him to be dull, however, he said: "I know you'll excuse me till lunch time, won't you? You'll find plenty to do about the place, without me. Take a gun and a couple of dogs and go out and have a bit of sport."

Half an hour later the Cockney returned and asked:

"Have you got any more dogs?"

SIR BARRY JACKSON

THERE were once a father and mother in a Midland city who had an only daughter of whom they were exceedingly fond. Year after year they had been in the habit of taking their summer holiday at Rhyl.

When the daughter reached the age of seventeen the father and mother decided that, whereas hitherto they had always expected their little girl to accompany them on the family holiday, it was only fair to her, now that she was older, to consult her preference. They therefore called her in, and the father explained that they felt they would like her to decide where the holiday was to be taken, since they knew that young people nowadays had different ideas from their parents.

They waited breathlessly for her answer.

Overjoyed at their consideration, she clasped her hands together in ecstasy and said: "Oh, daddy, may we go to Rhyl?"

MR. LADDIE CLIFF

A RICH tradesman had a daughter who was on the point of celebrating her twenty-first birthday. He and his wife, therefore, decided to give her a big coming-out party. The mother had the invitations printed, "Your presence is requested, etc. . . ."

The father, who had a strain of Aberdonian blood in him, carefully altered them before they were sent out so that they read, "Your presents are requested . . ."

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH

TWO American ladies were discussing a new singing tutor.

"I like that Italian man who is teaching your daughter, such charming manners," said the first.

"Ye-es, of course, he is bourgeois, you know," replied the other.

"Bourgeois? Let me see, that's one higher than a Baron, isn't it?"

MR. OWEN NARES

A WEALTHY gentleman, purchasing presents for his friends at Christmas time, determined that cigars were especially indicated in certain cases. At the cigar dealer's he was particularly solicitous as to the merits of those he selected.

"You are quite sure you can confidently recommend these cigars," he said to the salesman, "and that I can safely give them to a friend of mine?"

Laddie Cliff, Norah Blaney and George Grossmith

Celebrities of the Stage Tell Their Best Stories

CARICATURES BY HYNES

" Oh, yes, sir," the man replied obsequiously, " they are a very fine cigar indeed. In fact, you could *practically* smoke one yourself."

MISS ATHENE SEYLER

ON one occasion when the Prince of Wales returned home after one of his Empire tours I took my little daughter, aged four, to Hyde Park to see him as he drove through the streets on his return.

The crowds were, however, so great that we could not get anywhere near the road, so I warned her that probably she would not be able to see the Prince very well.

" Never mind, Mummy," she replied, " if I can't see the Prince I shall see the whales, shan't I? "

MISS NORAH BLANEY

ONE day a few years ago I was engaged to sing some songs at the piano at a garden party at a large country house.

When I arrived the hostess, greeting me, clasped me by the hand and said, with great *empressement*, " Oh, *dear* Miss Blaney, *so* nice of you to come. I *do* hope you will find the piano to your liking. I have had it tuned to my daughter's violin! "

MISS SOPHIE TUCKER

TWO Irishmen went to bed in the same room on a Sunday night in New York.

The light from the street lamp shone through their window and prevented them going to sleep. At length, in despair, they procured a pot of black paint and painted the window panes.

When they woke they dressed and went off to work. As soon as they arrived the boss greeted them with " You're fired."

" Fired for being forty minutes late," they exclaimed in amazement.

" Forty minutes be blowed," said the boss, " where were you on Monday and Tuesday? "

MR. MATHESON LANG

THERE was once an Irishman who was so ill that the priest was summoned to administer the last rites of the Church to him.

As he left the doctor arrived. He looked at the patient, and when he went out of the room said to the patient's wife, " I am sorry to tell you, but there is absolutely no hope for your husband. The only thing to do is to give him anything he asks for and make him happy for his last few minutes."

Shortly after the doctor had departed the dying man turned to his wife. " Mavourneen, darlint, is that corned beef I'm smelling? "

" Yes, Pat, it is."

" Mavourneen, darlint, couldn't I be having just a little slice of it? "

" Certainly not," she replied vehemently, " that corned beef is for the wake."

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

A SAILOR, just back after a long voyage, was on his way home when suddenly he was stopped in the street by a woman wheeling a perambulator. Something about her seemed familiar, but he could not place her, and she said, " Don't you know your own mother? "

" Mother? " he repeated, " I thought I knew you, but you look so much younger. What on earth have you been doing to yourself? "

" I have been taking the new rejuvenation treatment! " she beamed.

" Oh! " he exclaimed, and, pointing to the infant in the perambulator, asked, suspiciously, " What have you got in there? "

" It's your father," she replied. " He took an overdose! "

Sophie Tucker, Seymour Hicks, Sir Barry Jackson, Athene Seyler, Sir Gerald du Maurier and Ralph Lynn

The Spirit of Dance Portrayed by the Camera

THE THREE GRACES

By
Nicholas Haz

LONESOME

By
Nicholas Haz

EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY

BY H. H. HARRIS

DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS

BY H. H. HARRIS

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

"'I did not know that I had other audience than the birds,' he said"

THE UNKNOWN

By P. HOOLE JACKSON

Illustrations by BRYCE HAMILTON

THE green veil of summer foliage lay over the land of France; women went singing to the fields and the sun dreamed away from dawn to dusk through skies shrouded by a frail haze which mellowed the deep blue of the dome of heaven. The scars of war were covered by the mercy of beautifying nature, ruined walls held the trailing loveliness of convolvulus, and wild flowers smothered the mouldering revetments where a trench line had been.

The chateau of Arces stood as firm and commandingly as when the nobles of King Louis gathered for a merry summer outing in its grounds, and the girl walking on the terrace might have been a king's favourite had she lived in an earlier age, for her face was one fit to disturb a king's sleep.

Far away on the horizon she could see a low line of hills, not so wooded now as once, but very beautiful, and just beyond the chateau wall the smoke threads from the cottage chimneys of the village of Arces rose like the unspoken prayers of incense in the air.

The girl on the terrace walked to and fro happily, her blue eyes were merry as the sky, and the glint of gold in her hair stole beauty from the sunlight. Jean approached her, cap in hand, thinking how beautiful she was, his mind back in days when his own Marie had looked so. . . .

"There is a man bathing in the lily-pond, mademoiselle," he said humbly, for he came of a race which had always served the masters of the chateau. "And he will not go . . . and he sings aloud . . . though the morning is chill and the water . . ." Jean shrugged expressive shoulders.

"A man . you must order him to go . . . tell him if he is not out of the grounds in ten minutes I will come myself . . . go . . ." and she stamped a pretty foot.

Five minutes later Jean returned, speaking more humbly than before.

"He is dressed, mademoiselle, and now he plays the violin like a lunatic . . . listen . . . you can hear it."

Through the soft morning air, borne on a light breeze, the solo notes of Beethoven's great Concerto slipped gently to the girl's ears. For a moment or so she listened. "He can play," she said softly . . . then aloud, "Go and tell him that I come, Jean."

She walked slowly down the old, paved pathway beneath the pergola of roses, with its cascades of pink, white and red blossoms, and so came to the tree-surrounded pool that had been made before her father's father was born.

The man was standing with his back to her, his head bowed a little over the instrument, and he played as though all heaven and earth were listening, all else forgotten except his art.

He was of average height, light haired, but his clothes were old; standing quietly the girl waited, and as she waited she knew that this man was different from any she had known before. His poise, the queerness of his coming, the mystery of his superb art, all intrigued her. When he finished playing she spoke very softly.

"Good morning, m'sieur," she said, and he turned suddenly, displaying a face bronzed but ill shaven, and features strong rather than classic.

"I did not know that I had other audience than the birds," he said and bowed "or I should have

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(Continued on page 32)

VISITING GRANDPA

1.—YESTERDAY

BY ARTHUR WATTS

VISITING GRANDPA

2.—TO-DAY

played less at ease . . . forgive me for borrowing your garden . . . also your woodshed . . . where I spent the night."

"Oh!" said the girl . . . "then you will be hungry . . . but I do not understand even yet . . . you are not a tramp . . . I can see that . . . why did you not stay at the inn."

The man laughed a merry laugh that echoed through the garden. "Inns, mademoiselle,' he said, "require money . . . and I have no money to spare for board and lodging, though enough for such food as I require. . . . It will be an honour to breakfast with you . . . as well as a charity." Together they walked down the pathway to the house; as they entered a slow smile gathered round the lips of the man. "So there is a palace in paradise," he said, gazing at the hunting trophies on the walls of the entrance hall. "I would crave first a place to wield my razor . . . for I had not the heart to disturb your fish with such a mundane thing as soap."

"Then he looked down and knew her"

The girl laughed. "From what Jean told me, you did not mind mixing with them yourself," she said.

"True, but that is brotherhood. . . . I have much in common with St. Francis . . . all things are my little brothers and sisters . . . though I rather bar the woodlice in your shed."

Again the girl laughed, but shuddered a little.

"Go to your toilet," she said. "Meanwhile I will persuade Marie to make an omelette, and afterwards the woodlice will seem more distant . . . and you can tell me much I desire to know."

Half an hour later the two faced one another across spotless napery. "It has a homely look," said the man. "I should imagine that even a flagellating friar must have been glad of a bath and fine linen sometimes when his body grew faint under the scourging."

"You also are a little weary," said the girl, glancing at the lines under his eyes, though a casual glance would have apprised him to be fit and well. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am on a pilgrimage," he said, "and pilgrims must not be particular. . . . Once I had a place like this . . but it is gone; the Fates which played merry jest with fortunes during the War took mine away . . . a nice, fat business magnate has it now . . . it is . . . well, what we all used to say . . . *c'est la guerre.*"

"But why are you here?" asked the girl curiously, "you could earn a great living as a musician; even I could tell that . . ."

He smiled. "I was earning it in the orchestra of a picture-house," he said, a trifle grimly; "quite good pay . . . and then Fate took another trick . . . the gas which it pleased friend Boche to dose me with had bitten deeper than I knew . . . I had to give up . . . my old medico ordered me abroad . . . having no money for Cooks . . . or for Monte Carlo . . . I came thus. . . . I earn my keep as I go . . . like Paragot in Locke's story . . . it is a good life . . . I drink your wine . . . I have bread and to spare . . . and I sleep as I slept in the trenches . . . in the open. Sometimes the keepers of the cafés give me a bed . . . but I love the open."

For a time there was silence, the two did not look at each other, but gazed out of the windows towards the distant ridge of hills; presently the man spoke again and his voice was low.

"I stood in the trenches on those hills once," he said. "And we held the grey hosts back awhile . . . you know how near they came to this village . . . those ridges must seem like a sacred memorial to you . . . for it was there that the best of France and England spilled blood which the earth that received it cannot forget . . . but which men whom it saved do."

The girl leaned over towards him, her eyes bright with moisture. "You must not talk bitterly," she said. "It is only that they do not realise, but in France you will know that men do not forget. . . . Have you seen men of the villages kneel by a crucifix at eventide? . . . or watched a farm-worker's eyes grow dim when his plough turns up some relic of the dead? . . . Ah, this soil is so full of sacrifice that it cries out against the post-war madness of the age."

The man watched her; women had played little part in his life for ten years. True, one had watched him pass from a circle in which he had been wont to move with regretful eyes, but the regret was not deep enough to overcome the money barrier which had suddenly clouded the horizon of their engagement, and the man had taken back his ring with the fatalism that characterised his actions since the War flung him defeat after defeat. It was written . . . unalterable . . .

When he rose to take his leave the girl hesitated, but he did not. "It has been an hour a man cannot forget," he said. "I think we shall meet again . . . I am going over there," and he pointed in the direction

(*Continued on page* 36)

A CHRISTMAS-TIME STUDY AT ADELBODEN BY A. KLOPFENSTEIN

CHILDREN OF SNOW LAND

BY BERT THOMAS

THE GATE-CRASHER

THE MODERN: *"Er—have you a card? We allow no uninvited ghosts here!"*

BY GEORGE E. STUDDY

"NOW WHERE WAS IT I HID THAT BONE?"

(Continued from page 32)

of the trenches or the place where they had been.

"Why?" asked the girl. "Why? It will only give you heartache, make you *triste*. . . . Stay awhile; as my guest you can roam as you will."

"I have work to do," he answered simply. "I made a vow . . . and I must keep it. . . . I swore to do something in memory of those who died near me . . . something to make the world remember them. . . . Unless I do it you will not hear of me again . . . for it matters more than life . . ." He paused for a moment, looking into the girl's clear eyes. "Or love," he added; and the next moment was gone.

For a second the girl made as if to follow him, then she turned and climbed to her room, watching him stride down the drive with his violin-case under his arm. When the trees hid him from sight she knelt before the crucifix on the wall, and possibly her prayer mingled with one that went up from the soul of a man as he strode steadily in the direction of a landscape that was familiar yet unfamiliar, and to memories that were too sacred to be shared.

. . . . . .

Paris accords genius a little applause before life passes; her heart has known too much not to understand the struggle that precedes the emergence into the light of fame; and Paris was flocking to hear the Concerto which was aptly termed "The Unknown."

The girl, whose love of the beautiful drew her to the capital, was seated far back in the concert hall. The throbbing of the orchestra had ceased, and only the single notes that dripped from the solo violin like the song of a soul filled the room. The stillness was almost deathly. Men with tears streaming down their faces held back their sobs lest the slightest sound should break the spell; the man the world had been waiting for had come to them, and he had brought such a requiem with him as none might hear and not know that it told the Iliad of the Poilu and the Tommy; for it sang of death and sacrifice, of love greater than life, of sunshine and gardens, or gunfire, storm and defeat . . . and of victory . . . and the final movement was like the sounding of the recall on distant trumpets.

To each man the interpretation differed, as music does differ; but each man understood all that was drawn from the soul of the artist. The girl passed out at the close of the Concerto, leaning on the arm of her uncle.

"It is too great," he said. "I should not have brought you. . . . It is for men more than women."

"Ah, no," she said. "Nothing is for men more than women . . . not even war . . ." She stopped, for a voice had been borne to her—a voice she recognised, but could not recollect the owner of.

"See!" cried her escort. "*Voilà* . . . the musician . . . the master!" And he took off his hat. But the girl had leaped forward, foremost of a surging crowd, and the man people named master caught her as she stumbled on the step of his car. . . . "Careful, mademoiselle, careful," he said, and then he looked down and knew her.

The chauffeur was a man of tact. He drove off without giving the crowd time to surround the car.

"Little one," said the man, "little one . . . I was going to return to you in the garden . . . as I left it . . . and now you have spoiled my plan."

She laughed happily. "Does it matter?" she said. "Your work is accomplished . . . until the next. . . . I have heard it, and I am proud to be your friend . . ."

"My friend," he said, with emphasis, "my *friend*." And he took her in his arms. "*Ma chérie*, we were made for each other when the beginning of Time planned our meeting; there is no answering that. When I left your home I knew my theme was waiting for me in the hills. . . . I went there and I wrote . . . my score was long in finding one good enough to try it . . . but in the end one did . . . and now . . . now I have done what they would have been proud of who were my friends."

He ceased speaking, content to hold her in his arms.

"Where shall we go?" he whispered.

"Let us go home," she said.

He smiled, and leaned to the speaking tube. . . . "Drive on to Arces," he said, and leaned back, smiling. "I think we had better get married next week, *chérie*," he said. "For now I know what I did not before . . . that love matters more than work or life . . . because it is eternal!" P. H. J.

Sport and General

WHERE A "DICKENS" CHRISTMAS IS A CERTAINTY

Although the old-fashioned snowy Christmas is not always conspicuous by its presence in Britain, the visitor to Switzerland can count on a seasonable provision of snow and ice. The skijöring party setting out for a morning's exercise at one of the winter sports centres is typical of the way Christmas is greeted in the mountains of Switzerland

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THE DOUBLE SNAKE RING

By GEOFFREY PINNOCK

Illustrations by F. W. PURVIS

"She put up her other hand, gripping it closer"

I FIRST met her at an Amsterdam *café*, where it was easy enough to scrape acquaintance with a girl.

She came there, I thought at the time, as a sort of unofficial *gigolette*, purely for the love of dancing. She was a magnificent dancer. I wondered if she had ever been a professional. She called herself Margrethe Haidz then and said she was an Austrian. Though her blonde colouring and placidity of temperament—until that other terrible side of her was revealed—always suggested the German more to me. She was unlike most of the other unattached ladies who frequented the place in that once the dancing and the cabaret turns were over and the *café* closed for the night, her relations with the opposite sex ended.

I was often lonely enough in Amsterdam then, some eight months ago, when I was working temporarily as the correspondent of my paper. And those one or two evenings a week at the *café*, where I danced with Margrethe and chatted, and drank light beer, and swallowed spoonfuls of *avocaat* thickly topped with cream—a concoction of which she was particularly fond—kept me from playing the idiot otherwise. For that I was grateful to Margrethe Haidz.

"You are the only man I have ever met here," she once said to me, "who has not tried to get something more out of me than a dance. That is why I like dancing with you, even though you tread on my toes and never keep proper time with the music."

"The English are supposed to be unmusical," I reminded.

"Perhaps," she said. Then, after a pause, she added: "Another Englishman, also a journalist, was once kind to me, too."

She was a jolly, good-natured girl—or seemed to be. Her eyes were blue and round, childish almost. They matched wholly the soft, round contours of her face and body and her corn-yellow hair, which she wore coiled in plaits over her ears. She might have posed to an artist for Faust's own innocent Margrethe.

And then one day was suddenly revealed to me that other side of her which was fearful—fearful because in such utter contrast to her true self.

She wore a curious, broad, flat bangle round her left upper arm. Of some metal imitative of gold, it was the broadest of such pieces of jewellery I had ever seen outside stage use. It covered nearly all the soft portion of her arm above her elbow. I chaffed her about it once, asking her if she had rifled the stage wardrobe of a *prima donna* playing Aïda at the Imperial Opera House at Vienna.

In an instant her whole being changed. Her blue eyes darkened suddenly, becoming obscure, inscrutable, and evil. I felt rather than saw the intense emotion—anger and hatred I knew it to be—surging within her. The bangle fitted close to her arm, at any rate at the edges, but she put up her other hand, gripping it closer as though to prevent me seeing between it and her flesh. A thin, grim, cruel line came to her rather full lips. I was thoroughly disturbed, and perhaps even then sensed vaguely something of the events that happened later.

"Margrethe, whatever's the matter?" I asked.

She stiffened, recovered, and became herself again almost at once.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's not your fault. You reminded me of something, that is all. Something I came here"—she hesitated a moment—"not to forget, but to remember. But that I do not wish to remember—until the right time."

After that I kept Margrethe Haidz under observation, as it were, when I was at the *café*. And things of which I had previously taken no particular notice were thrown into significant relief.

Margrethe Haidz's eyes, for all their blue innocence, missed nothing that went on in the *café*. Nobody entering or leaving escaped her sight. As we danced her glance, keen and narrowed, ranged over the tables about the cleared dancing floor, absorbing everything. And always when we were not dancing we sat at one particular table, at the corner of the narrow corridor leading to the street door—the only entrance to the *café*. In fact, I do not think the place possessed any other door—it was only one large room—save a narrow,

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(*Continued on page 48*)

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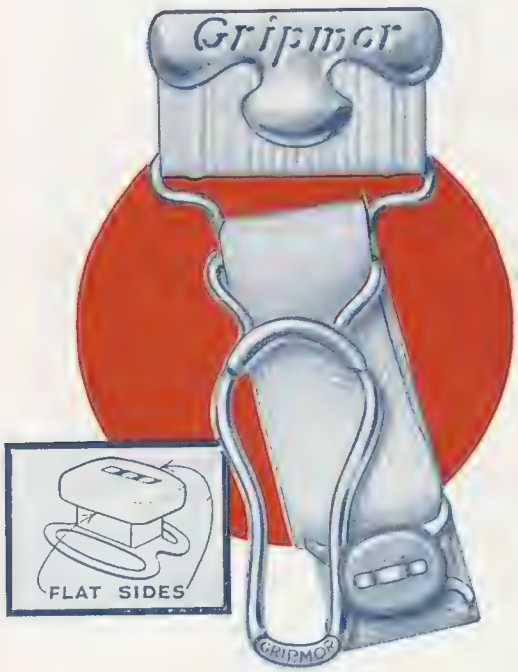

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BY RIDGEWELL

WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR YOUNG NEPHEW TO THE PLAY

curtained exit door at the far end, beside which, fixed on the wall, was a glass-fronted cabinet containing the switches that controlled the electric light.

This table stood on the left side of the corridor, facing the street entrance; so that we sat on the right-hand side of those who approached down the corridor.

And then, springing from my uneasy thoughts, it was borne in upon me that Margrethe Haidz was watching for someone—watching and waiting. She scanned closely, under a camouflage of light comment and chatter, everyone who passed along that corridor. But it was not only their faces she scrutinised; her eyes were also riveted upon their right hands. And it was always the women she watched.

It gave me an uncanny, chill feeling. She laughed it off easily enough when I tackled her.

"I like looking at women's hands," she said. "Hands reveal so much sometimes. Women are secretive, and I like to see behind the screen." And as she spoke that other terrible side of her flicked, as it were, into sudden sight, but vanished again immediately.

Many different types came to that *café*. Stout Dutchmen with their voluminous wives; stout Dutchmen without their voluminous wives, but with slim little slick girls who well knew how to thin the next week's housekeeping money. Once I recognised a Pole who, two years previously in Warsaw, had been hotly scheming against the Pilsudski *régime*. Another time I sat next to a Belgian whom I knew to be one of the most successful organisers of smuggling on the North Sea and Channel beat, with a blameless-looking solicitor's office in the Boulevard Van Iseghem at Ostend.

And then that evening came when Margrethe Haidz did what I knew she would do when she met the person for whom she waited. I hoped that I might not be there when it happened. Yet I knew that if I was present, and could not prevent Margrethe from accomplishing the fact, I would help her all I could to evade its consequences. I have said that I felt grateful to Margrethe Haidz.

I was dancing with her when she suddenly became as rigid as timber in my arms as we threaded our way over the crowded floor. I heard her draw in her breath. Her eyes ignited with such a look of fierce hatred as I never wish to see on anyone's face again, let alone on a woman's. As we danced she kept her head steadily turned in one direction, craning over my shoulder to see. I followed her gaze and found her eyes fastened upon a woman who had entered the *café* and was seated with a man at a table on the inner edge of the dancing floor.

Repulsion in a woman is an unwholesome thing. This woman revolted me utterly. Dressed in black, with short sleeves, she was of immensely powerful build. Her arms were as muscular as a well-built man's, and were all the more disgusting because of their feminine fleshiness which surfaced, but did not hide, the great muscles. Her face was at once angular and puffy, with prominent cheekbones bulging behind the fat cheeks. Her eyes were deep-set, beady, and cunning; her mouth thin and cruel.

But it was not upon any of these features so much as upon one great over-powdered hand—the right hand—which lay on the table that Margrethe Haidz battened her eyes. We passed within a foot of the woman as we danced, and I saw clearly upon the third finger of her hand that unwholesome, sadistic ring which somehow seemed completely natural to her. It was of gold. Two intertwined snakes with glinting jewel eyes held between their gaping mouths a ball of carbuncle or dark cornelian, the ball looking exactly like a drop of human blood. It sickened me. Margrethe's stare never left that ring.

"So . . . Ella Hofmann was right!"

It was Margrethe speaking, hissing the words aloud, though they were not meant for my ears. I felt her positively vibrating, and used all my force to hold her. But with a sudden wrench she broke away from me.

Tragedy, I knew, was imminent. I have never condoned murder, but I knew that in killing that woman Margrethe Haidz had some ample and terrible justification.

"She was about to scream . . . . when Margrethe Haidz whipped out the little automatic from her bag and fired"

I saw Margrethe dart among the dancers. She was fumbling with the clasp of the little black silk bag she always carried. She made straight for the table where the other woman sat. Though on the inner edge of the dancing floor, the table was at the far end of the room, where the line of tables bent and was broken to allow access to the little curtained exit door.

For a moment I saw Margrethe stand before the other woman, staring mercilessly down at her. The great sinister creature stared back, unrecognising. The man with her was busy with his beer.

Suddenly Margrethe slid down the broad bangle she wore, and I saw what it hid. Beneath it the flesh of her arm was scarred, horribly shrivelled, so that her arm at that point was little thicker than a child's.

The other woman gaped. I saw her pale, blenching beneath her layer of purplish powder. Her mouth sagged.

Her eyes goggled. She was about to scream, I think, when Margrethe Haidz whipped out the little automatic pistol from her bag and fired—once, twice. The blaring orchestra almost completely drowned the sound of the small-calibred weapon.

By that time, realising that I could not stop Margrethe, I was at the exit door beside the switch cabinet. In the instant that she fired I plunged the place in darkness. No one saw me do it.

Then I ran in, it was only about two yards in a dead straight line to Margrethe, and gripped her round the waist. I had her behind the curtain, out through the exit door, and the door closed again before anyone in the *café* realised what had happened.

We were in a narrow alley. Above, between looming roofs, stars were visible in the cobalt September sky. I hurried her along and out into a crowded street. It was a warm, still evening, and many young people, both men and girls, coming from the theatres and cabarets went hatless, so that we attracted no attention.

We crossed the brilliantly lit Dam, with its throngs and clanging trams, turned into the Kalver Straat, and then out of it again through narrow ways and over short bridges spanning the dark waters of the *graachts* beneath. We were a mile clear of the *café* before I spoke.

"Margrethe, what have you done?" I said.

"Paid a debt. That is all." She calmly spoke in her own low, placid tones. I knew that that other side of her would never return again.

"You must get away at once. I will help you."

She echoed my words mechanically: "Yes, I must get away at once."

I was steering her, perhaps unknown to her, towards the street where I knew she lodged. Presently she said: "If I could get back home—to Germany—I might be all right."

To Germany! Then she was a German. I had always thought so. Why had she pretended to be an Austrian?

"But I have no passport," she went on. "I came to Holland without one. I slipped over the frontier through a wooded region between Kranenberg and Nijmegen . . . to do what I did."

In a few moments I had made up my mind, heedless of the risk to myself. As I have said before, I was grateful to Margrethe Haidz.

I had a small car which I used for getting about on my press work. Once Margrethe was over the frontier the Dutch police, even if they got on my track, could not do very much to me.

Half an hour later, when Margrethe had reached her lodging, changed and put on a hat, we were driving eastwards through the cool night over the dead level roads of Gelderland.

We said nothing. There was nothing to say. Upon me had descended a curiously resigned, abstract, ordered frame of mind. I had, in a way, forgotten the events at the *café*. I was merely, for some reason which was not quite clear to me, taking Margrethe to a certain place.

Margrethe, I think, was in something of the same mental state. Reaction can be like that sometimes—tremendously calm. She did not speak a word. But as we neared the frontier after some two hours' driving I saw her take a piece of paper from her bag and begin to write on her knee by the light of the small lamp on my dashboard.

Beyond Nijmegen, keeping well clear of the frontier post at Beek, I turned into curling byways which followed the foot of the pine-clad slopes on the German frontier. A mile further on I stopped the car. We continued on foot for another mile, then halted at the edge of a meadow which sloped to the first spurs of the forest ridge. The slope began in Holland, proceeded beneath the darkness of the pines and over the low ridge for some two miles. Then it descended to meadows that were Germany.

"In less than an hour you will be across," I said.

My words, in their matter of factness, sounded strangely incongruous and unreal. I might have been seeing a sister off on a visit to an aunt for all the tension or emotion I felt—reaction again. It was the same with Margrethe Haidz.

"Thank you," was all she said. "You have been very good to me."

Then she handed me, folded up, the paper on which she had been writing. In another minute she was moving rapidly away from me along the field edge. The night shadows swallowed her.

(*Continued on page* 52)

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BY LAWSON WOOD

"A REST BETWEEN BARS"

I read her note by the light of my dashboard lamp as, by another route, I drove back to Amsterdam.

I once told you that another Englishman, a journalist, had once been kind to me. His name was James Cummerdale. Perhaps you know him. He will tell you all you want to know of

Mitzi Hegel.

. . . . . .

I did know Cummerdale slightly. He had been the Berlin correspondent of *The Planet* until a few months since, when he had returned to a post with the paper in London. A day or two later I went over to England and called at his address. He whistled softly when I showed him the note.

"Mitzi Hegel! So she got that Krautz she-swine, did she? Good for her."

Then from his desk he produced those two dreadful photographs. They were the most appalling pictures I have ever looked upon — methodical studies, taken as though in a studio, of the actual process of torture.

"They came into my hands about a year ago," Cummerdale said. "It was at the time of the Black Reichswehr trial at Landsberg. I covered it, of course, for *The Planet*. Strictly, I ought not to have these photographs. They are duplicates from German police archives. They were given to me to look at and left with me for a few days. And as nobody asked for them back I hung on to them. They are beastly, but interesting as a record of the trial."

"We were in a narrow alley"

The Black Reichswehr. I knew something of that secret organisation of Monarchist desperadoes which, until discovered and crushed by the police of the new republican Germany, had terrorised thousands, employed torture to enforce its decrees, and murder to remove its enemies.

"An enterprising big-wig of the Black Reichswehr, Colonel Von Zeckem—the police got him all right—hit on the idea of having them taken," Cummerdale explained. "They were then secretly shown as a warning to vacillating members or incipient informers."

The first photograph showed a young man being flogged. Literally it was impossible to tell which was the flesh of his back, which the torn shreds of the shirt he wore. Beside the poor, sagging creature stood the administrator of the flogging. *It was the woman Margrethe Haidz—or Mitzi Hegel—had shot in Amsterdam.* She stood posed with her huge right hand on her hip, gripping the stock of the many-thonged whip. The hideous double snake ring on her third finger stood out clearly.

"The man is Kurt Wegener," Cummerdale said. "He was the *fiancé* of Mitzi Hegel. He died of his injuries from that flogging."

"But . . . the woman?" In my disgust and nausea I could scarcely get the words out.

"Rosa Krautz. German by birth, though she lived for years in Russia. There, she was one of the Cheka's filthy corps of women torturers and executioners, until she returned to Germany and became useful to the Black Reichswehr."

Then he showed me the second photograph. I was nearly physically sick. Mitzi Hegel was strapped in a chair, her face distorted with the scream she uttered. With a thin knife Rosa Krautz was peeling a broad strip of flesh from her left upper arm. And again on the fiend's finger the double snake ring showed clearly.

"A torture imported from Russia and called 'The Bracelet,'" said Cummerdale.

It was a minute or so, I think, before I really heard his voice distinctly again.

"Neither Mitzi Hegel nor young Wegener had really anything seriously to do with the Black Reichswehr monarchist movement," he told me. "But Wegener had somehow got vaguely mixed up in it through some students' organisation. I don't think he realised what it was when he joined. When he discovered, he threatened to clear out and reveal everything to the police. For his 'disloyalty' he was punished as you saw. They got hold of Mitzi later, gave her 'The Bracelet,' and threatened to repeat it on the other arm unless she kept her mouth shut.

"Mitzi Hegel gave evidence at the trial of those in the movement who were arrested. But Rosa Krautz got clear away before the arrests were made. When Mitzi heard that she made a dramatic outburst. 'Then I shall find her myself and kill her,' she said.

"I interviewed Mitzi after the trial and gave her a bit of help. She knew I had the photographs. There was another girl involved in the affair too—Ella Hofmann. She was a member of a small dancing troupe who toured about in Europe and a friend of Mitzi's. Mitzi had once been a member of the troupe, I believe. I suppose Ella, during a cabaret engagement at that Amsterdam *café*, saw Rosa Krautz frequenting the place, and put Mitzi Hegel on to it."

He was silent for a little while.

"I'm glad you were able to help Mitzi get away," he said. "Though I don't think much harm will come to her. Neither the German nor the Dutch police, when the details are known, will be likely to show much zeal in following the matter up."

G. P.

The highest Honours fall to Johnnie Walker

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Christmas "Present"

BY CROMBIE

"There, now! A shawl, and I told John most distinctly *that I wanted a cigarette case!"*

AN AFTER CHRISTMAS ~~DINNER~~ NUMBER SPEECH

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Illustration by H. K. ELCOCK

"Pray charge your glasses"

My Lords and Peacocks—

Pray charge your glasses. I give you the health of the jolly good folk who are responsible for this Christmas number of The Bystander.

We have no secrets and therefore you understand that all the Yuletide pictures, snow, waits, yarns of icy adventures, were done and written in the glorious basking sunshine of last July and August.

You maybe think all great writers work in luxurious libraries and that producers of pictures for Christmas numbers have noble studios in Chelsea, where captivating models loll on velvet cushions and smoke scented cigarettes. In reality most writing men use the dining-room table after the maid has cleared away, and frequently artists get their sisters, and, what is possibly worse, their wives to sit as models so that money be saved to purchase a four-seater six-cylinder last year's model on reduced terms. The fact is we intellectuals are very much like you ordinary people.

You must hoist a bumper to my toast because it requires real genius to sit in shirt sleeves under a plum tree and sip barley water whilst writing a thrilling yarn about Christmas. And remember these celebrities, who provide you with entertainment, will now in these gloomy, damp, shivering days set to and write about love-making and such carryings-on in halcyon days of June, and make customary references to flowers and birds and the summer hum of insect life. Dragging in allusion to the soft hum of insects on the drowsy summer air is always a good touch. You see my point—that all the sparkling stories and saucy pictures in this radiant volume are concocted and prepared at quite different times from what you imagine. Therefore I rip aside the mystery and answer the question "When are Christmas stories written?" In mid-summer!

Wrote the Editor of The Bystander to me: "Tell the readers all about the people who have to do with the Christmas number." But when I said "Then I'll begin by telling them all about you" he blanched. Yes, sir, you did! That's the Editor sitting over there, at the lower table, quite bald and wearing blue glasses. He does not look like an Editor; editors never do—but that is just cunning design on their part. Of course, an Editor has a more difficult job than a Prime Minister. The Prime Minister always has many folk to give him advice, but an Editor has to make majestic decisions not for himself but for the umpteen thousands of people who buy the finished product. Despite the emblazoned shyness of the Editor, I am going to say he has shown commonsense and a lot of other things in the superb production this year. All the contributors agree with me—and so will you who are now invited to partake.

Now just look at the pictures. "A Christmas Study at Adelboden." It particularly appeals to me because it was at Adelboden I took a great oath I would never ski—pronounced shee—again. Once I ski'd tolerably, and then put on weight, and in years I became heavy, and four ruffians took me out at Adelboden for a day's "run"—and I nearly succumbed. The vow I then took is one of the few I have kept; but it is a pretty picture.

You young ladies may think Starr Wood got inspiration in the sensuous East for that historical picture of King Solomon contemplating with uproar what was expected of him in regard to filling his wives' Christmas stockings. Nothing of the kind. It was in Oxford Street. He accompanied me to one of the great emporiums which buttress that historic thoroughfare in order to buy a shirt stud; but the thing that fascinated him was a clearance sale of art silk stockings—especially as I believe he had invested money in one of those clever companies that turn sawdust into gleaming silk. Then the idea came about this picture; he called it an inspiration. Having been reared in clerical circles I took him aside and told him it would all be wrong, historically inaccurate, indeed, that Solomon had his Brighter Judea long before Christmas was invented. "What's that got to do with it?" he demanded—but Starr Wood always was a stubborn man.

I would not say anything about Lawson Wood's "Rest Between Bars" were it not that I regard his picture as a personal outrage. I had taken him to a Caledonian dinner—I being a Highlander—and gave him a lot of haggis, and on our way home from the Connaught Rooms to Shepherd's Bush, the weather being inclement, it is true we took shelter in one or two places marked "private saloons," which were crowded. Lawson Wood drew "me and my dog." The portrait of the dog is lifelike. I resented the picture of myself. Then he took his brush, made me bald and stuck a cap over my right eye and declared "now nobody will recognise you!" But they will—and I'm particularly anxious to look my best. That is the worst of some of these artist fellows; they take advantage of one's helplessness.

I do not speak to George E. Studdy. I do not like his breed of dogs. I've got a dog of all breeds, the finest assortment of breeds you could imagine, and I call him "Heintz." And I wish to show Mr. Ridgewell up with his cock and bull illustration about taking a young nephew to the play. Nephew be hanged. The mirthful youth is brother to the lady, and that is Ridgewell himself on the right—a very sincere likeness I call it—but he never knew either the boy or the girl till he came to hear me lecture on "The Cultivation of Violets in America"—for that is how the incident happened, and not in any playhouse. It was my

Scottish humour which sent the boy into convulsions and gave Ridgewell opportunity to ask the lady where it could have been he had met her before?

You have never seen anything like Brunelleschi's "Souvenir"—unless you are a poet and given to dainty liqueurs. And drink to the eternal story in Winifred Honey's "Mischievous Monkey," and the graceful nymphs which have to be introduced into every Chistmas number for the special delectation of elderly gentlemen in their clubs. It is all nonsense that podgy middle-aged boys are contemptuous about youth. Why, you have only to give a cheerful lad of sixty a volume with plenty of pictures of graceful damsels, not over-clad, and he will purr agreeably for an hour.

And now all of you, assembled at this board, admire the intellectual fare provided. Here is Marjorie Bowen, who used to toy with vipers in Milan and now gives a love story with an antique aroma, and set in an old-fashioned frame. "Madame de la Morilière"—you say that slowly, twice, and you are tripping in exquisite French romance. Behold what I think is called the verve of Marjorie Bowen's captivating style. I quote: "Have you heard of a certain Madame de la Morilière?"

"Monsieur, I have. Let my blushes complete my answer."

"Is she —— then? ——"

"She is. Pray pursue the subject no further."

"*Mon dieu!*" cried M. Delaruelle, pouring himself out another glass of cordial. "Is it as bad as that?"

"It is."

That's the sort of story for a cosy evening when sampling the port sent by a considerate aunt.

If you want a thriller, you will turn to Geoffrey Pinnock's "Double Snake Ring." What luck this fellow Pinnock has! I know the Amsterdam cafés, but I've never met a dancer who might have posed for Faust's over-innocent Margrethe and was particularly fond of swallowing spoonfuls of *avocaat* thickly topped with cream! What a girl! And the other woman "pale, blanching beneath her layer of purplish powder"—what a woman! And what a story! Don't talk to me any more about Edgar Wallace. Why if you start reading "The Double Snake Ring" in the train you will forget all about where you decided to get off.

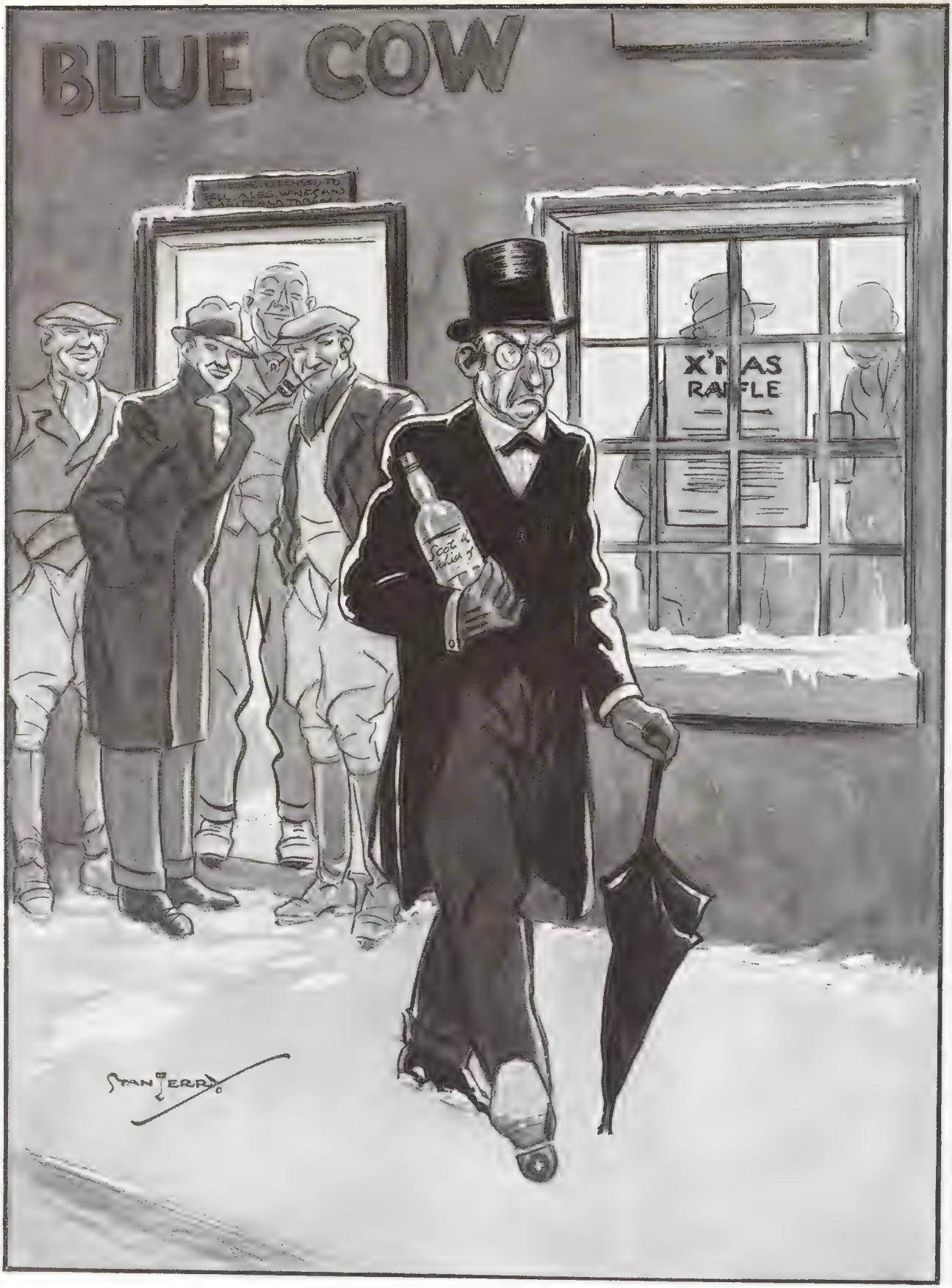
For a change you will turn to a sweet story in France, "The Unknown." When the violinist playing in the woods murmurs to the maiden, "I did not know I had other audience than the birds," you will have guessed what it is all about. It is a story which all good, tender, refined young women will read with softly heaving bosoms—at least I should say so. I do not think the young lady who shares Beethoven with the birds powders or uses lipstick—so in a way she is a bit old-fashioned. But I'm sure she has bundles of lavender amongst her dainty garments. . . .

Anyway, as I was saying, that gentleman in the corner, the Editor, has raked—no, that is not quite the word—has culled the work of the most famous artists and brilliant yarn spinners in the world. There's my friend Leonard Dimera, who does nothing but roam the world, finds picturesque spots, falls into conversation with square-chinned strangers, has another drink, and then sits down and tosses off short stories for which he receives cheques which make me nervous and envious.

People are always asking "What shall we do with our sons?" I know what I would like to do with some of them; but as they cannot all become Cabinet Ministers, why do they not become writers for Christmas numbers? It is an enticing business; if you are very hard pressed you go off to a flower-decked cottage in Warwickshire in summertime, furrow your brows, take up a pen, and begin, "It was nearing the hour when the old village clock would chime the coming of Christmas. In the shadow of the old hall a stranger ——," and so on. Oh, it is as easy as munching muffins. Read "The Return of the Prodigal."

I want to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, it has has been with the utmost difficulty I have got the band of pen-waggling and pencil-pushing contributors to THE BYSTANDER to yield to me the secret of their triumphs. Marjorie Bowen writes her stories in different coloured ink according to the theme, red for hate and purple for passion, green for rural scenes and black when dark deeds are to be recorded. Pinnock thinks out his plots during the ten minutes he has to stand for his eight photographs a shilling in the Strand. Nobody would imagine that I do my best work on cocoa—or maybe that is just what you would imagine. It is useful to know how great minds do their revolving. So hoist your glasses and drink copiously to THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number. Now let the band play!

J. F. F.



BY STAN TERRY

THE MAN WHO WON THE BOTTLE OF WHISKY

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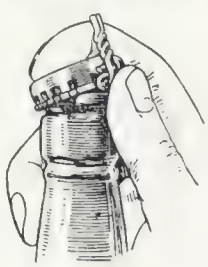

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THE DEVIL AND MR. TOSHER

By
T. G. CLARK

Illustrations by
H. K. ELCOCK

"The Old Gentleman looked not unlike some of the moneylenders who had been worrying him lately"

You probably read in *The Times* of a month or two ago that the estate of the late Mr. Algernon Tosher had been sworn at just one million pounds. Beyond wondering at the unusual symmetry of the figure, and perhaps reflecting gloomily on the state of your overdraft, you didn't pay much attention to it, I expect. As a citizen and a taxpayer no doubt you were grateful for the £300,000 which was to help balance the Budget, and I dare say you speculated idly as to whether there really was an official assassin who slaughtered millionaires whenever a deficit seemed probable, and, if so, whether he was paid by commission or at a piece rate. In fact, you probably said and thought the usual things one does say and think on such occasions.

But, in fact, Mr. Tosher was anything but an ordinary millionaire, and his death was simply the end of one of the most amazing stories of modern times. I don't mean that his was a case of the "Romance of Commerce" or anything of that kind. He was not in the least romantic; he was, in fact, the stupidest man I ever met. There is nothing surprising about that, I admit, as even stupid men make big fortunes sometimes. What is more interesting is that he sold his soul to the devil to do it. I am not in the City myself, but I am told that it is not nearly such a common practice as it used to be. Personally, I think it is a pity to let these good old customs die out, but I should certainly not be troubling you with this yarn if that were all there was to it. What is really interesting about old Tosher is that, although he sold his soul to the devil, he didn't—he isn't—well, it's rather hard to express it in polite terms, but he never delivered the goods. I believe it's never been done before or since, which, when you think of the length of time these bargains have been running, is pretty remarkable. And, mind you, Tosher was a stupid man. In fact, you might say his stupidity was the cause of his success. But I ought, in fairness, to warn anyone who thinks of imitating him that it positively won't be allowed to happen again. You can be sure they wouldn't have allowed me to write about it otherwise.

Tosher was a gambler on the Stock Exchange. So had his father been before him. I believe in the brave old days of the first jubilee Tosher Senior used to keep all the big operators awake at night with his fierce work in bulls and bears. He did pretty well out of it too, and when he died suddenly in the middle of the South African war he left young Algernon about a couple of hundred thousand to play with. So you might say that he was a gambler born. Unfortunately, that would be only half true. He had the gambling spirit all right, and he had been brought up to imagine that speculation was the only profession worthy of a Tosher, but, unfortunately, he had not got the gambling head. So far as his head was concerned I think he must have taken after his mother, who was the barmaid of "The Locusts and Wild Honey" down at Wandsworth, until she was dismissed because she never could count the change properly.

His father had always kept him fairly short of money, so you can imagine what happened when Tosher found himself with all that money in his pocket in a City crowded with fellows simply longing to relieve him of it. By the beginning of the war the poor man was absolutely stripped of all his worldly possessions, except a large block of Acroceraunians, a company not quoted on the Stock Exchange. That was the point at which he decided to try the Devil. He had been strictly brought up, and I don't think he really liked the idea, but the war shook up everybody's standards a bit, and he was fairly desperate. He went to one of the regular City agencies for that class of thing and had an interview arranged before he knew where he was. From what he told me I gather that he was agreeably surprised by the charming way in which he was treated. He said that the Old Gentleman (he always referred to him like that; it was just like Tosher to avoid calling an unpleasant thing by its proper name)—the Old Gentleman looked not unlike some of the moneylenders who had been worrying him lately, but that he spoke as sweetly and kindly as if he had been selling furniture

(All rights strictly reserved)

on the hire-purchase system to a young couple. In fact, I've often wondered whether Tosher wasn't a little mixed when he reported the conversation to me, but I give it as he told me for what it is worth.

Apparently the Old Gentleman smiled at him sweetly and said, "I want you to have full freedom in choosing your own terms, Mr. Tosher. You see, my business is rather different from most others. The price, of course, is fixed, but what you buy with it depends entirely on your choice. Indeed, if I may use the expression, we endeavour to cater for Mr. Everyman. There are some things, as you will readily understand, which "—he coughed in an embarrassed way—"we—h'm—are not allowed to sell. We are severely limited, for instance, in the matter of supernatural powers. Even our powers of conferring length of days are restricted to a quite ridiculously small term of years, though many of our clients have availed themselves of them in the past. But on the whole our other lines are decidedly more popular. Take youth, now—that always commands a ready sale. And no nonsense about monkeys, either. This Voronoff idea—too ridiculous! And then there is unfailing success with the ladies "—the smile degenerated into a snigger—"perhaps you would care? But let me have your own ideas. What exactly do you stand in most need of at this moment?"

"Money," said Mr. Tosher. He was a man of few words.

"Ah, money! Yes, when all's said, that is the most popular of commodities, and, I am happy to say, the most easily supplied. It is simply a question of the form in which you would have it. You will forgive me, I am sure, but one has one's sources of information, would it be true to suggest that you have recently had some dealings on the Stock Exchange which have not—ah!—turned out so well as might have been desired? "

"It would," replied Mr. Tosher.

"And do you intend to resume your operations there if you can raise the capital? "

"Of course." I don't suppose that old Tosher had ever imagined that there was anything else in the world to do.

"I see . . ." The Old Gentleman mused for a moment. Then a smile of childish pleasure irradiated his face. "I have it! " he cried. "I have the exact thing for you. You want, not money, but the fun of making it for yourself, eh? I thought so! Very well then. It is quite simple. All we have to arrange is that for the usual—h'm—consideration, all your financial transactions shall be carried through at a profit. How does that strike you? "

Mr. Tosher murmured in a dazed sort of way that it struck him very favourably.

"Good! Then in that case there only remain the—er—formalities. Would you mind stepping this way for a moment? "

Here I'm afraid I must, as people say in books, "draw a veil." I never could get Tosher to tell me exactly what those "formalities" were. I often tried, but he used just to turn rather green and shiver. I gather that they were a good deal more mediæval than most of the things one is used to in the City of London. I am really not in favour of these survivals from the Middle Ages. Of course, there's the Lord Mayor's Show, but that's not quite the same thing. He did show me the agreement, though, and it was certainly a rather odd document, and I didn't much like the look of it. I prefer agreements written in ink, myself, anyway.

Altogether, he felt a bit shaky by the time it was all over, and he was not sorry when the Old Gentleman told him he would have someone to help him home. This was a quiet, business-like looking young man who answered to the name of William, and Mr. Tosher was given to understand that he was included in the agreement. "In demonological language," said the Old Gentleman, "he will act as your 'familiar.' But don't let that trouble you. You will find him an excellent secretary. Just give him his instructions in financial matters, and he will see to it that you get the best possible results. Wages? Oh, you needn't bother about them. He is paid from the—h'm—Head Office. Good-bye."

Tosher had a horror of servants who were what he called "familiar," but he soon found that that was not the sense in which the Old Gentleman had meant it. William made a perfect secretary, and he completely conquered Mr. Tosher when he began his duties by relieving him of the Acroceraunians and selling them at a profit of £200. If William had a fault it was that he was too secretive. Mr. Tosher told him to buy and he bought, to sell and he sold, and in due course he would find himself so much the richer. It was a lovely life, because everything he touched simply turned to money, sometimes more, and sometimes less, but always money. And the beauty of it all was that he never had to think. He had never been good at thinking at the best of times—in fact, he must have been one of the laziest men that ever pretended to be a business man—and now that he knew he had only to buy shares for their value immediately to rise, he dropped into a sort of mental fog in which he could not have said on Tuesday what he had bought on Monday.

As I said, all this happened at the beginning of the war. As I need not say, as the war went on Tosher grew richer. What was more to the point, he kept richer, too. There were plenty of fortunes made about that time which didn't last, but his never showed the smallest sign of not lasting. It just grew larger and solider, and Mr. Tosher grew fatter and stupider, so what more could anyone ask?

By the end of the war he was a millionaire many times over. I have no idea how much he was worth, and I don't think he knew exactly. William probably knew all right, but William didn't talk much. Talking, apparently, is no part of a familiar's business. How much Tosher would have been worth by now if he had gone on I simply cannot imagine. But about the beginning of 1920 a change seems to have come over him. I cannot say what it was exactly. Whether it was that the war being over he was returning to his old respectable upbringing and was thinking of repentance, or whether he was simply bored with gambling and always winning, I don't know. The fact remains that one day about then he confided to me that he was going to have one grand final fling and then retire. And the fling he chose, of all things, was to buy German marks. He realised everything he had and bought them by the hundred million. Apparently he just gave the necessary orders to William, and waited placidly for the usual profit to roll in. But as time

(*Continued on page 62*)

Checkmate

T. Bratt

AN UP-TO-DATE PICTURE IN THE OLD-FASHIONED MANNER

Although the above picture suggests, at first glance, a typical Christmas Number illustration of the '80's, actually it is a photograph from this year's exhibition of the London Salon of Photography. It is interesting, inasmuch as it indicates the modern spirit of photography, which in many cases treats its subjects in the manner employed by painters

(Continued from page 60)
went on William, for once, began to look a trifle unhappy. Finally, one day he came to him and said, "I am feeling a little unhappy about these marks, sir. Don't you think we'd better sell now before they go worse?"

William had never presumed to criticise before, and Mr. Tosher wasn't having any.

"William," he replied with some dignity, "it may be that at some future time you will have the advantage of me. But at present, kindly remember that you are my servant. When I want your advice I will ask for it. I am afraid," he added sarcastically, "there is little prospect of my doing so. Have you forgotten by any chance that I am incapable—yes, I said *incapable*—of selecting an investment wrongly?"

Mr. Tosher didn't often speak at such length, and he only did so now to keep his courage up. He couldn't help being a bit worried about things. Of course, marks would right themselves, although he was sorry that he had bought them so early, instead of waiting till they had touched bottom. But he did not like William's look. He did not like the contemptuous smile with which he received his well-chosen phrases. Above all, he did not like the look of things a little bit when later in the day William announced that "the Head Office wanted to see him and would he make a point of being in at half-past three that afternoon, please?"

At this point Mr. Tosher became really frightened. Something had gone wrong, for the life of him he couldn't see what. Of course, he knew he would have to keep his part of the bargain—when the time came; but like most people he had always thought of it being vaguely in the far future. He was a healthy man for his age, and he didn't let it worry him. But this sudden warning was another thing altogether, and it frightened him considerably. Logically, I suppose, if you have sold your soul to the devil a little thing like that oughtn't to bother you, but Tosher was not in the least logical, any more than the rest of us. He fumed and he fretted a good deal, and finally he had the sense to turn up the agreement. He had only read it hastily at the time it was made. I gather that the "formalities" had distracted him somewhat, but this time he went through it carefully. Sure enough near the end he found a covenant for "peaceful and quiet enjoyment." And, damn it, this was not quiet enjoyment! What right had the fellow to come disturbing him in this way?

"William made a perfect secretary"

So torn between wrath and trepidation Mr. Tosher went out to lunch. From what he told me subsequently it must have been a very good lunch. I don't mean that he got drunk or anything of that sort, but when you're going to spend a happy afternoon with the infernal powers I can quite believe that you need something stronger than water to keep your courage up. Anyhow, he took his time over the meal, and it was only just before half-past three that he swaggered into his office feeling prepared to face anything. He had hardly sat down before the door opened and William announced the Old Gentleman. Mr. Tosher observed, as if in a dream, that he looked more like a moneylender and less like a gentleman than ever; and one glance at the fury of his countenance was enough to send the last drops of resolution oozing from his boots. There was no doubt about it. The Old Gentleman had disappeared, never to return. This was the veritable Devil.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the Devil, in a tone of appalling ferocity.

"Meaning of what?" echoed Mr. Tosher feebly.

"Of this ludicrous investment of yours. Do you know where marks are to-day? Do you realise how much money you've lost?"

"Lost?" Mr. Tosher had forgotten what the word

(Continued on page 64)

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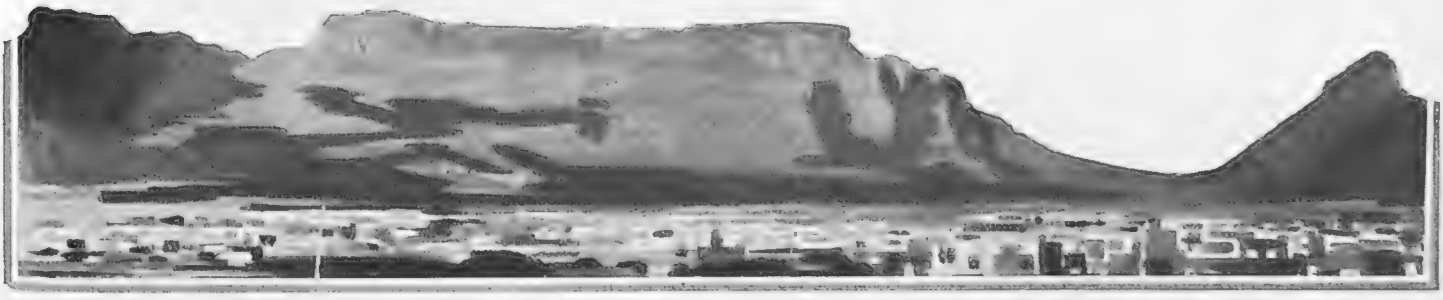


(Continued from page 62)

meant. After all, he'd been simply coining money for years. "How can I possibly lose? You know as well as I do that I *can't* lose. Haven't I made money on every speculation since I sold you my—er—since I came to you?"

The Devil laughed. From Tosher's description it was not a pleasant sound.

"Oh, *you're* all right. You have been making money all the time, haven't you? And I suppose you think that it is because all your speculations have been so confoundedly clever that they all turned out right, eh?"

"Yes, of course. It was all in the contract, wasn't it?"

"It was not in the contract," snapped the Devil savagely. "Didn't I tell you at the time that my powers were limited? I couldn't make you anything but a blithering fool that you always have been in money matters. All that I did was to reverse in your favour the laws of profit and loss ——"

"Reverse the laws of what?" said Mr. Tosher, who was hopelessly out of his depth by now.

"I never expected you would understand," replied the Devil wearily, "but it was a perfectly simple matter —a mere matter of accounting. When you sold shares for less than you bought them at I saw to it that you received a profit. If you had ever had the gumption to buy anything that went up, you would have lost, but I knew that you were one of those poor fish who were simply bound to lose. Every single one of your investments has gone wrong. Everybody who has followed your lead has been ruined. Why, anyone who wasn't a crass idiot would have guessed it from the moment you sold those Acroceraunians. And now, these marks——" He stopped, and mopped his forehead with a silk handkerchief of somewhat unusual design.

Tosher was not particularly bright, and he was very vague as to what the fellow was driving at. But one thing he did see, and that was that in some way or another he had got the Devil not merely angry but badly frightened. What of, exactly, he had no idea. But you can take my word for it that it cheers a fellow up considerably when he finds that the devil is as frightened of him as he is of the devil.

"Well, these marks?" he asked. "What about them?"

"You must sell them," cried the Devil eagerly, and Mr. Tosher noticed something like an imploring note in his voice. "They are worth now just about half what you gave for them. In six weeks' time they will be worth half that. In six months they will be for practical purposes worthless. Can't you understand?"

Tosher began to see light. "I think I do," he said. "By our agreement, when I make a loss, you turn it into a profit?"

"Yes."

"And the larger the loss the larger the profit?"

"Exactly."

"Very good, then; if these marks go down to nothing, shall I make as much money as if they had gone up the same distance?"

The Devil nodded.

"All right, then, if what you say is true, I shall sell in six months' time. And bank the proceeds."

"But I can't do it!" There was no mistaking it now. He was begging for mercy. "Don't you see? The loss—and your profit—falls on me! I shall be broke!"

"A bargain's a bargain," said Mr. Tosher steadily.

"Do you think your miserable, pettifogging little soul is worth forty million pounds?"

"Yes, I think it is—to me." Oddly enough, he had only just realised how much it *was* worth to him.

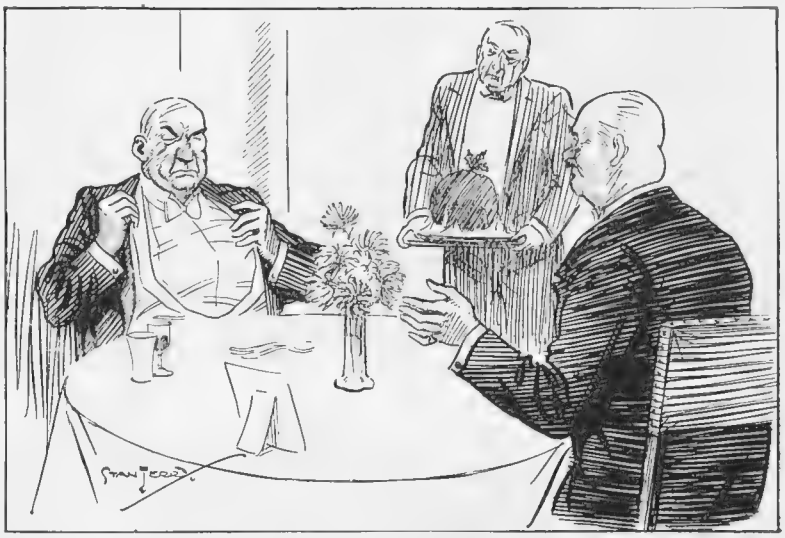
The Devil's expression suddenly changed. "I congratulate you," he said slowly. "By a consistent stupidity, which in a long experience I have never seen equalled, you have beaten Hell!" He pulled a packet of papers out of his pocket. "Here are Government securities for one million pounds," he said curtly. "Will you take these, and call the bargain off? It is my last word."

"Very well," replied Mr. Tosher.

When he came to himself the Old Gentleman and William had vanished. So had the marks. So had not the Government securities. Mr. Tosher left his office and never returned. He retired to the country and lived strictly within his income to the day of his death. But please don't think he was a happy man. Not a bit of it. He had got out of his bargain by an extraordinary stroke of luck, but he had had a terrible blow to his pride. After all, it is bad enough to be told that you have been successful in spite of being a mug, but to learn that you have been successful because you are a mug and the greater your success the greater mug you must have been is rather wounding to your self respect. And I think that brooding on it helped to kill poor Tosher. So perhaps the Devil got a bit of his own back at the end. Certainly Tosher never realised that he had made history by what he had done. I really think that he felt he was a failure because he'd failed to forfeit his soul.

But as I said at the beginning, this sort of thing will not be allowed to happen again. They draw up the agreements differently now.

T. G. C.



By Stan Terry

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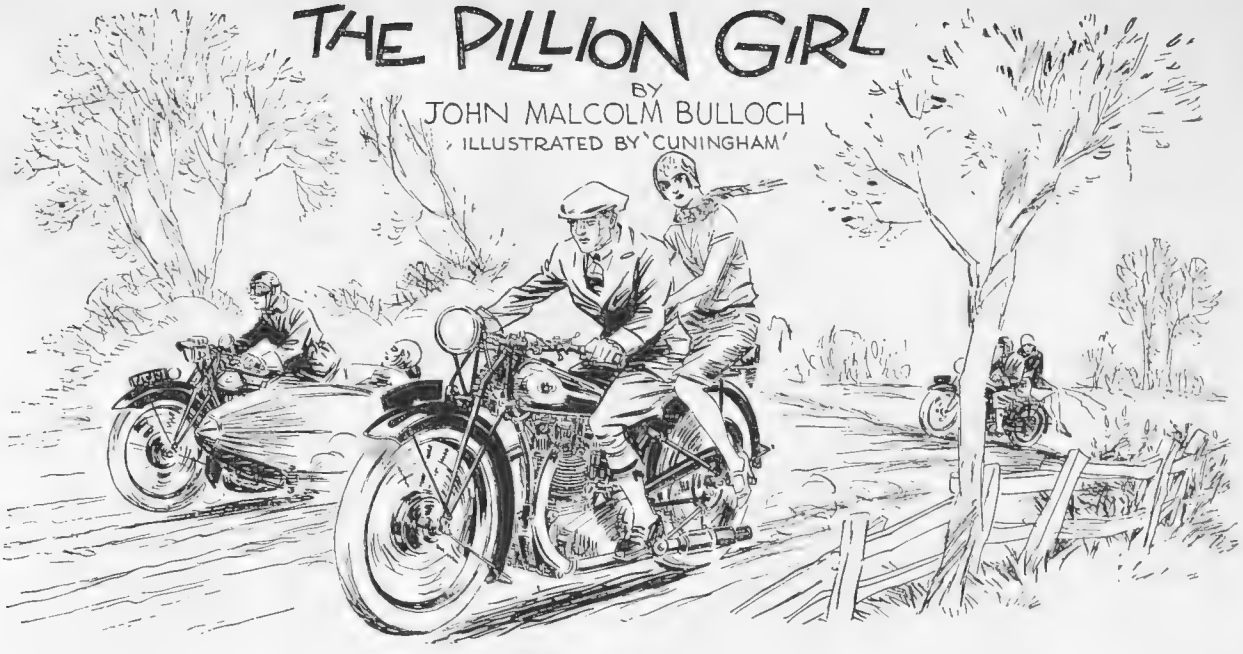

THE Pillion Girl, who loves to whirl
Along the roads like lightning
Mid shake and shriek, is not unique—
Although her speed may touch a peak
That's positively frightening.

In days gone by—for which some sigh—
Prue also posted pillion.
Behind her Jo she ambled slow
Along the lanes to Church or show,
And clasped her dear postilion.

Thus he could woo his pretty Prue
Although he called her Madam ;
And gently chime his love in rhyme
Amid the scent of may and thyme,
Which knew no tar=macadam.

She wore no shirt or skimpy skirt,
Her gown concealed her pattens.
Knees that beguile in silk or lisle
Were wholly alien to her style—
She looked a nun at matins.

Yet, forced to star like Lochinvar
When Love flamed up like Etna,
And when Mamma exclaimed, "Oh la !"
She might have slipped her wrath papa,
Could she have biked to Gretna.

The fastest chaise of those old days
Could not, indeed, have caught her :
No Turpin's Bess could dispossess
The Lover in his hour of stress
With this eloping daughter.

Yet Love's a game that's much the same
On pillion=bike or pony,
In curls or crops or shingled mops . . .
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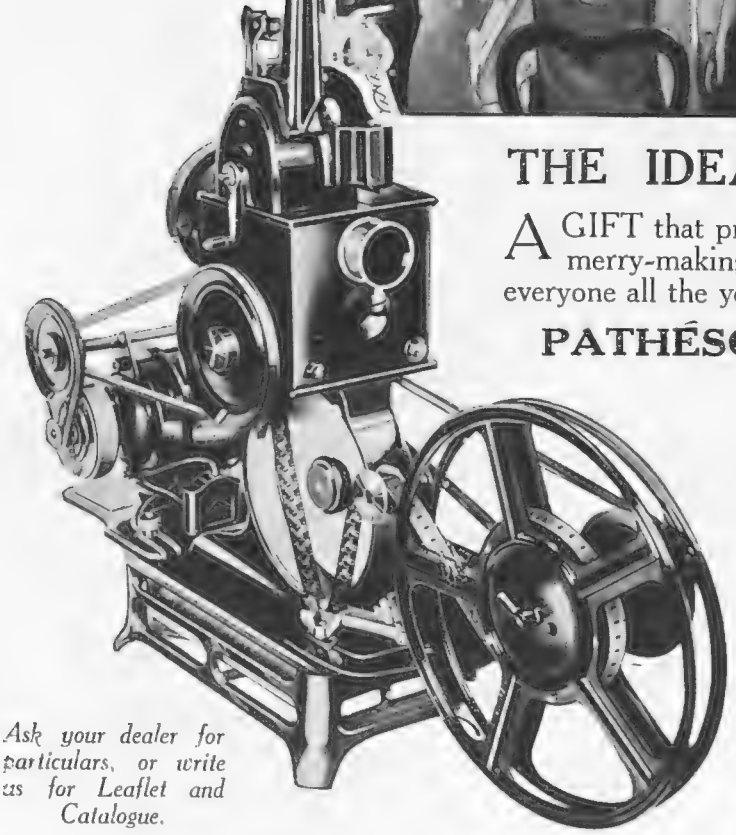

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The Casket Scene Up to Date

By
A. J. TALBOT

Illustrations by
CHAS. CROMBIE

"Begone, base knave! Who, insolent presumes
To rouse my house with music's travesty?"

SCENE: *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

NERISSA, *a very trim maid, is standing by a gramophone untying a parcel of records.* PORTIA, *with horn-rimmed spectacles and wearing an arty gown, is sitting on a settee.*

PORTIA. Was ever orphan so oppress'd as I?
A double tide of gold my heritage:
My sire's from oil, and through my mother, lard.
So vast a fortune could not fail to draw
A thousand suitors, fretful for my hand—
Constraining me to pick, and wed for peace! [*rising*]
Kind Heav'n assist, that I may surely know,
Of those that moth-like do encircle me,
If one there be that heedless of the glare
Of gold, persistent woos alone the light
Subdued within mine eyes. For I believe
That I could love as gentle Helen loved
If, loving so, my love were but returned
For mine own self.

NERISSA. Yet, Madam, were the sum
Of all your wealth of such immensity
That half the units lying side by side
Would span the distance to the moon, and then
Suffice to compass that pale orb three times
And thrice again, still would this treasure seem
As naught beside the riches of your mind
And soul, the aptitude in gentle arts
The fays bestowed at birth. Your gold might melt
Like snow beneath the sun, nor were it loss;
For while you guard your gifts, all else were dross.

PORTIA. A pretty sentiment, Nerissa, expressed with an elegance of diction unusual in a serving-maid. Did I not know you were keeping company with a butcher, I should suspect you of walking out with an author.

NERISSA (*throwing paper of parcel on to floor*). Sweet Madam, these discs have arrived at your command. What is your pleasure?

PORTIA. Read me their descriptions.

NERISSA. In truth, a most catholic programme. [*Warm approval*] Firstly, a Wagner prelude. [*Cold tolerance*] Secondly, Verdi's "Miserere." [*Disgust*] "My Cutie's a Cutie," played by the Saveloy Orphans.

PORTIA. By the means of these three discs I'll prove the worth and sincerity of my favourite lovers.

NERISSA. Masters Cyril, Rodney, and Stanley?

PORTIA. The same. These three have I summoned to attend me here, each at his separate hour. While I secrete myself in my chamber, do you look to it, Nerissa, that this room afford no kind of entertainment other than that of these three discs and that casket. Each in turn shall await me until he is wearied into setting the music in motion.

NERISSA. Madam, how then?

PORTIA. This is the subtlety of it. Should one of these youth harass the echoes with "My Cutie's a Cutie," he shall be ejected forthwith. He that should set in motion the "Miserere"—which has too much melody to be music—shall be dismissed with the coldest courtesy. But he whose selection may be Wagner's prelude proves more eloquently than words that he has a claim to be my soul's mate, and he shall lead me to the altar and control my fortune.

NERISSA. A pretty scheme, sweet Madam. I fancy the chance of Master Cyril.

PORTIA. So be it. For I do not doubt that the extreme highbrow quality which characterises his habiliments but faintly expresses the nicety of his taste and the nobility of his ideals.

NERISSA. And Master Rodney?

PORTIA (*sighing*). At the best I fear it will be the "Miserere" and a formal farewell. For though he interests himself assiduously in my music, painting, and poetry, he ever doth seem, as the mariners say, to

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 74*)

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International News Reel

BE-WITCHERY!

(*Continued from page 70*)

labour heavily. It is as if he worked hard to please me. Yet he is withal a youth of becoming parts, and of very pleasing fancies.

NERISSA. He has, indeed, a different fancy every day: but little do they profit him.

[*Enter* WILKINS.]

PORTIA. How now, good Wilkins?

WILKINS. Madam, Master Cyril arrives hotfoot, and waits at your command.

PORTIA. Conduct him here. [PORTIA, *going, to* NERISSA]

And let it be your charge
That nothing lacks to mar my precious scheme.

NERISSA. I will not fail. [*Arranging records.*]
Behold the acid test
To prove the metal of these varied youths.

[*Enter* CYRIL, *in extreme highbrow attire.*]

CYRIL. What news? And where's thy mistress? Is she well?

"And add that Portia, wav'ring in her choice,
Through Wagner's prelude hears her Master's voice"

NERISSA. The best of health. But, lately called away,
Entreats you wait unfailing her return.
And though formal her words, a joyous tone
O'erruled her voice, her eyes a soft gleam held,
Presaging moments sweet to recompense
The long dull hour of your attendance.

[*Exit.*]

CYRIL (*pacing fretfully*). I needs must possess myself with patience while my throbbing heart marks off the sluggish instants of time. What say the omens? Portia, bidding me present myself, is not at hand to keep the tryst. Is that portent good or bad? Bad, if indeed it be the manifestation of indifference. Good, if it is but the feline which dwells in every woman, toying with my suspense. I doubt not her mind is made up [*comes to records*], and nothing in this world that I can do will alter it. Let me, then, have music to dull the sharp edge of my uncertainty. [*He reads the titles of the records one by one.*] Ugh! H'mmm. *Ah-h-h!*

[*He puts on the record which has caused him to say "Ah-h-h!" and waits with an ecstatic smile. He has chosen "My Cutie's a Cutie," and he jazzes fantastically with a cushion to its vocalised refrain.*

PORTIA *at length appears, with her fingers to her ears.*]

PORTIA. Begone, base knave! Who, insolent, presumes
To rouse my house with music's travesty?
Begone, before my varlets lend thee speed.

[*Exit* CYRIL.]

And O Nerissa! [NERISSA *appears.*]
If you love me, haste
To check that engine.

[NERISSA *stops the music.*]

Leave ev'ry detail
To test the virtue of the next pretender.

[*Exit* PORTIA. NERISSA *rearranges the records. Enter* RODNEY, *somewhat sportingly attired.*]

RODNEY (*chucking her under the chin.*) How fares thy mistress, kindly satellite?
If you reflect her looks, she grows more fair!

NERISSA. Oh, Master Rodney! Lately called away
Fair Portia bids you fail not her return.
And formal though her words, a joyous tone
O'erruled her voice, her eyes a soft gleam held,
Presaging moments sweet to recompense
The long dull hour of your attendance.

RODNEY (*flopping on settee*). I'll wait her here till all is blue, the skies
Rain ink, the very cows come lumb'ring home.

[*He picks winners from the "Pink 'Un."*]

WILKINS (*appearing at door, aside to* NERISSA). The butcher's son, a-blushing like his beef,
Doth crave Nerissa presently.

NERISSA (*dashing off*). At once!

[WILKINS *picks up the paper of the parcel from the floor, and noticing the label goes at once with pleasurable excitement to the new records. He quickly puts two of them aside with disdain, but holds the third lovingly.*]

WILKINS. These discs are newly come. Is it your wish
To hear their music, Sir?

(*Continued on page 76*)

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(Continued from page 74)

RODNEY. It likes me well.
I have a star that, twinkling changeably,
Controls my fate, ordains good luck or ill.
It tempts, withdraws; allures, rebuffs again
Within the hour. And yet to-day I know
It shines, unseen, with ev'ry kind intent
To prosper all my acts. Whate'er I do
Good fortune must result. In winning mood,
Good Wilkins, naught diverts like music.
WILKINS. I hold a prelude here——
RODNEY. Put on a jazz.
WILKINS. A classic prelude, Sir——
RODNEY. Put on a jazz.
WILKINS. By Wagner, Sir, whom connoisseurs esteem
A worthy maestro.
RODNEY. Cursed times, when knaves
Pretend to rule our choice. Put on a jazz!
WILKINS. But hear me, Sir. You oft have let me speak
My mind on questions touching vintages;
Or heeded when I murmur'd helpfully—
The white? The still? Moselle? or sixty-four?
Was that presumption? Did you then decry
The times that fostered knaves who wish to rule
Their betters' choice? And once, when torn betwixt
Two hocks of near repute, you deigned to ask:
Good Wilkins, which would *you* advise?
RODNEY. Your views
As cellar-artist win, and hold, respect.
But wine is one thing, harmony another.
Nor argue more, good Wilkins. Play a jazz.
WILKINS. But hear me yet. Suppose you bid me fetch
A mild-and-bitter, should I not respond—
With pursed-up lips, and rainbow-archèd brows,
My pose expressing infinite disgust—
A *mild*-and-*bitter*, Sir? as who should say:
Debauchèd taste, that, having choice of wines,
Elects a skinny beer!
RODNEY. You make me tired.
Good Wilkins, hold your peace, and play a jazz.
WILKINS. And still, I pray you, hear me out. Beneath
This sombre garb of service beats a heart
That leaps to music. Knowledge have I stored
Of wines, enabling me to pick to place the best,
With bandaged eyes pronounce the age of ports.
At mixing negus, claret-cup or flips
I have no peer. Mint julep at my hands
Wins lavish praise, and I alone possess
The true receipt for Planter's punch.
RODNEY (*with some enthusiasm*). Yes, yes . . .
WILKINS. But this is naught, and I, the merest tyro
Regarding wines, compared to all the lore
And love I have of music. Versed I am
In point and counterpoint, and all that makes
Harmonic art. A jazz!! Shall I not say:
Some *syncopation*, Sir? In other words,
Here's one who, choosing freely, doth reject
The old, full-bodied, nut-brown brew of Wagner,
And craves to foul his palate with the swipes
Of bilious rag-time. [*Holding record like a tray.*]
Sir, I recommend
This Wagner prelude.
RODNEY (*giving in with a groan*). 'Tis well, be swift.
O fickle star! that erst propitious shone
Now frowns again and lets me suffer this.
[WILKINS *puts on the record. The music has barely started before* RODNEY *protests.*]
Oh, stop! Oh, stop!
WILKINS (*checking the music*). But hear it through entire!
I'll start again that you, alert, may mark
The op'ning theme, how all the parts conspire
To echo it throughout. At first it pains;
But played a hundred times, and more, the ear
Will learn to relish ev'ry note of it.
[*He starts it again.* RODNEY *sits tortured.*]
Your pardon, Sir. I hear a stir below. [*Exit.*]
PORTIA (*entering*). Oh, Rodney! *Wagner!*
RODNEY (*confused*). Portia, pardon me——
PORTIA. Oh, happy choice! I dared not hope that you
Delighted thus in Wagner's ordered chaos.
RODNEY (*quick in the uptake*). I love it, Portia. Wagner's preludes stand
Alone. [*About to stop gramophone.*]
I pray you hear this piece entire.
I'll start again that you, alert, may mark
The op'ning theme.
PORTIA (*aside*). He speaks as critics speak
With judgment overbearing love of art.
[*To* RODNEY.]
Enough of music, we'll converse. How strange
To find a kindred soul in you who oft
Rejoiced in tunes.
RODNEY (*freely using* WILKINS's *patter*). I vow you held me cheap
As one who, choosing freely, might reject
The old, full-bodied, nut-brown brew of Wagner
And crave to foul his palate with the swipes
Of bilious jazz. You wronged me, Portia. 'Neath
This trivial garb there beats an earnest heart
That somersaults to music.
PORTIA. Oh, Rodney,
Because you prove it so I say to you
That what I am, and what is mine, is yours
Without condition.
RODNEY. Do I dream, perchance?
[*Enter* WILKINS.]
PORTIA. A solid, happy dream! For this pale hand
Is yours, and with it wealth immensurate.
WILKINS. Fair Madam, Master Stanley waits below
In parlous state. He calls upon his star,
The whiles he gnaws his nails and rolls his eye;
Anon he mutters "Portia," tears his hair,
And paces like the cagèd beasts. A large
Bouquet he brings of ev'ry flower belov'd
By Portia.
PORTIA (*in* RODNEY'S *arms*). Prithee make reply, my Lord.
RODNEY. Then say: What man of worth relies on stars?
If Stanley failed, at least he stayed the course.
This thought may soothe him in defeat: that though
The fittest wrest the prize be Nature's plan,
They served to make the race who also ran.
PORTIA. And add that Portia, wav'ring in her choice,
Through Wagner's prelude heard her Master's voice.

A. J. T.

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"Greetings and best quality wishes for a Happy Xtmas"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

GREETINGS and best quality wishes for a Happy Xtmas and good feeding appetites from so far away Nipon. (Japanese for Japan.) Many numerous gals of water have slipped under bridges since my pen last scintled with wits and epigraphs in these so familiar pages. And now I discover to find myself in the receipts of a telegraphic cable per wireless C.O.D. from Hon. Editor:

"Kindly to immediately execute me some Xtmas commentings for Hon. BYSTANDER and non-fail at your peril."

With the tears bubbling to my eyes, I unfurl I-ce more my dusty pen and endeavour to secure an afflatus or other *motif*. But, alasly, I still continue to remain afflatusless.

Despairs engulp me. Are it, I bemoan, that I have grown to become a non-genius person? Are my so brilliant and parallelless talents defunct as a dodo or other obsolete biped? All so well then, I will execute an honourable *hara-kiri*, more rather as remain to become but a broken lyre, a blastless trumpet, an air-bag minus wind.

I discover to find a blueish bottle and de-cork same. Ha, ha! I ejacule frenzishly, this are the end! Not ever again shall this so magic pen enthrall the globe to laughter, tears and mirths as in the so brave days of yore! As Hon. Sir late Shakespear of Avon sings:

One thing is certain and the rest is lies,
The flower that I-ce has blown, for ever dies.

My flower are blown! I seize the bottle of awful poison! I raise same to my teeth. Farewell! I drink —I expire—*exit* Hama. And the rest are silents . . .

. . . . .

Hark! What are these notes which strike the tympanum of my ear? No —yes—gracious to goodness, it are the Xtmas waiting persons blowing carols and other seasonable winds on their horns. Hastishly I imbounce from my bed, when all of a suddenly the door of my slumber chamber are banged open and Editor of Hon. BYSTANDER appears in the entrants.

"Ha, ha, here we are again!" he declams. "Are you non-aware, Mr. Hama, that this are Xtmas Day in the morning?"

"Then—then I are not defunct?" I engulp.

"Defunct! I have not ever witnessed to see you more alive and full of

"Hon. Sir W. Churchill and Hon. Sir Lloyd George are singing a carols duet outside the lodgings-abode of Hon. Sir Ramsay"

kicks, Mr. Hama. But have you succeeded to hear the so great and joyish tidings? "

"Indeedly no. Kindly to inform re same," I imbeg.

"Almost I can scarcely speak for ecstatics. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill has inform the House that he are going to immediately make cash refundings of all our 1927-8 income taxings as an Xtmas giftings! "

"Heaven to goodness! " I imbark, turning more pale as a nuptial lily.

"O, but that are not all, my good Hama. Hon. Sir Jix has invented a Bill to make it non-legal to close any refreshments bar between 12 a.m. and 12 p.m. It was carried with not any divisions by love to nil and *nem. con.*"

"My cap! " I ejacule, "this must be a millennium or other imbusting! "

"Pass me your ear, Mr. Hama. Hon. Sir Baldwin has inform Hon. House that D.O.R.A. are to suffer public executions with not any option. Tell me, are not that a toppings Xtmas sock? "

"Impardon me, but I are suffering to feel swoonish," I engasp.

"Kindly to hoist your socks, Mr. Hama, for I are now about to shoot you further shocks. Have the so esteemed politeness to accept this little gifting from Hon. BYSTANDER, i.e. and viz., a cheque for 10,000£'s. Also we shall henceforthly remunerate you 10£'s per word for all your contributings."

"O! O! " I begroan, "surely this are a slumber-mare or other nocturnal fantastic."

"You non-remember, Mr. Hama, that this are the season of peaces and good wills. For instants, last night Hon. Sir Maxton, Hon. Lord Sir Birkenshead, and Hon. Sir Jimmy Thomas shared a private banqueting at the Fritz. To-night, Hon. Sir W. Churchill and Hon. Sir Lloyd George are singing a carols duet outside the lodgings-abode of Hon. Sir Ramsay for funds to erect a rest-home for aged book-makers and other hard cases."

"Help! " I ejacule. "I are non-dubitably defunct and transplanted into a 7th heaven or other very upper circle."

"And now, having rejoiced your ears with those so goodish tidings, I must leave you because of an appointments to blow carols with Hon. Editor of *The Bolshik Argus* to help Hon. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Capitalists. *Au revoir.*

I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tarter's bow."

"This are the stuff that Xtmas dreams are made of"

Hon. Editor disappeared himself like as a puff of smoke, and nextly moment I discovered to find myself in a tubes station. An aged official with very benevolent features approached and politeishly removed his hat.

"Impardon me to suggest, Hon. Sir, and passengers all, that you should enter the train with all convenient dispatches, since to non-do so necessitates us to suffer delays and non-facilitates our punctualities. Not any the less, Hon. Railway Co. trust to sincerely hope you will not discommode yourselfs, but seek to fully enjoy the luscious appointments and parallelless service which it enjoys the honour to humbly offer you."

Panting for air, I emerged to Piccadilly's Circus and hopped myself into a taxi-car. As we speeded along I observed to see a moting 'bus across our tracks.

"O kindly to immediately proceed, as I are entirely in not any hurry," impopped Hon. Taxi chauffeur, raising his hat to Hon. 'bus ditto.

"A 1,000 times no! You succeeded to arrive .05 seconds before me and are legally entitled to proceed 1-st. Permit I should wind up your engine which, I observe to see, has politelessly ceased to revolve."

"O no," responsed Hon. Taxi person. "I could not permit such condecensions. Kindly to proceed while I disembark and perform operations upon the worthless engine of this so obsolete cab which has so politelessly afforded you these delays."

"All so well then, I will continue my journey to Hackney, where

. . . daisies pied and violets blue,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Hon. 'bus chauffeur and Hon. taxi person blew kisses to each others, and then . . .

. . . . . .

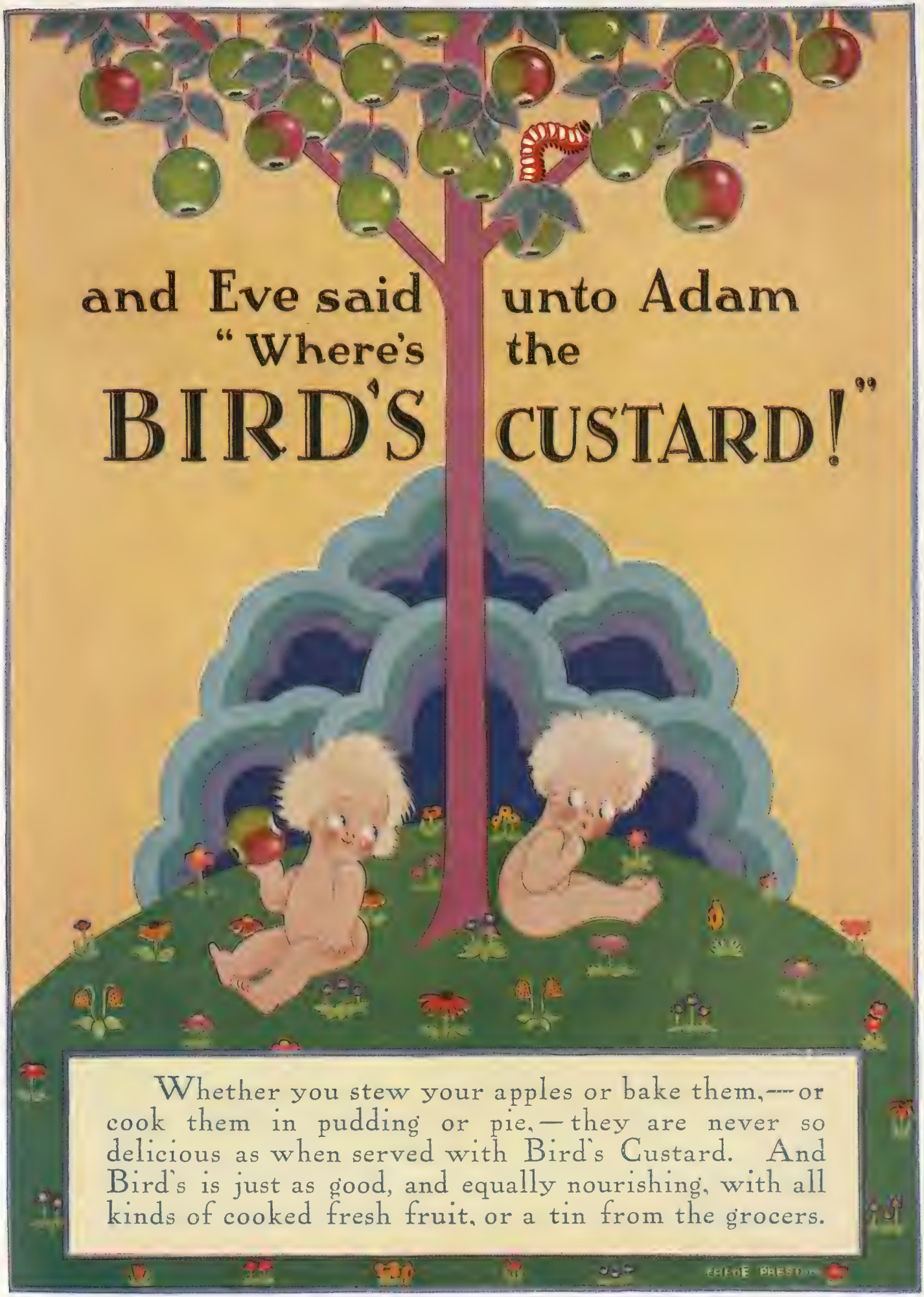
"Yogo! You are a more dreadful nuisance as a cwt. of monkies! "

I open my eyes to discover Hon. married sister with a contentsless bottle in her hand.

"Kindly to inform," she imbarked, "why you have engulped my infantine's bottle of paregoric fluid which I keep for his stomach dyspeptics."

"Alasly," I bemoan, "so this are the stuff that Xtmas dreams are made of."

Yogo Hama



Whether you stew your apples or bake them,—or cook them in pudding or pie,—they are never so delicious as when served with Bird's Custard. And Bird's is just as good, and equally nourishing, with all kinds of cooked fresh fruit, or a tin from the grocers.

BURBERRY WINTER SPORTS DRESS

supplies the most comfortable and protective equipment for Ski-ing, Skating and Luge-ing.
Designed by experts with an intimate knowledge of the requirements, Burberry models embody all the latest tips and gadgets, as well as every quality essential to the enjoyment of sport on snow or ice.

Burberry materials, especially woven and proofed for Winter Sport, keep out snow, wind, cold and wet.
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Catalogue, illustrating new models in colour, and patterns of materials, post free on mention of "The Bystander."

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TRIOLETS OF THE THEATRE

By E. L. ROBERTS

PLAYGOERS *pay* to see and hear
The play—it doesn't matter whose!
Whether in stall or topmost tier,
Playgoers pay to see and hear—
So they have bought a right to cheer,
Or show their discontent with boos!
Playgoers *pay* to see and hear
The play—it doesn't matter whose!

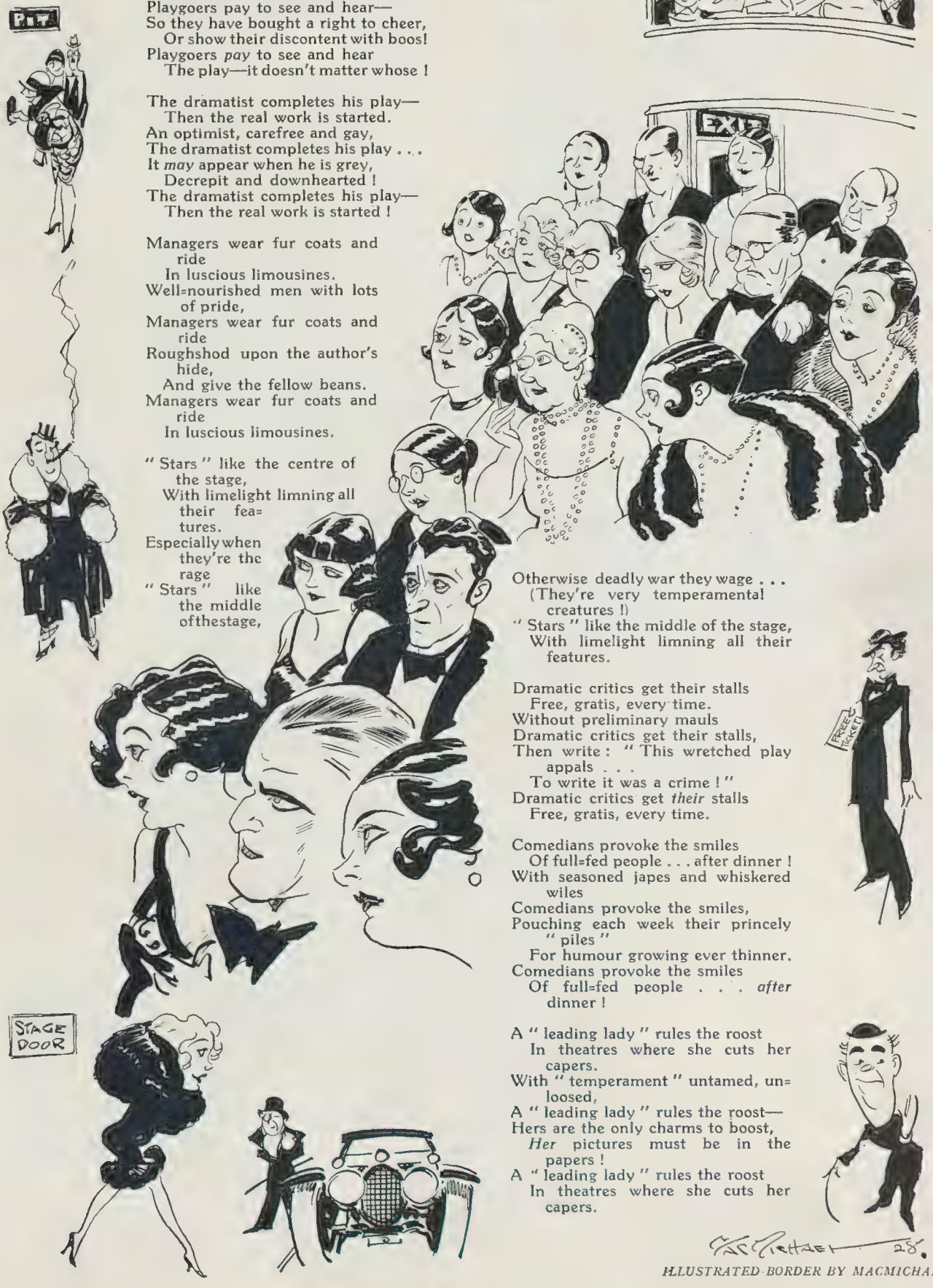
The dramatist completes his play—
Then the real work is started.
An optimist, carefree and gay,
The dramatist completes his play . . .
It *may* appear when he is grey,
Decrepit and downhearted!
The dramatist completes his play—
Then the real work is started!

Managers wear fur coats and ride
In luscious limousines.
Well-nourished men with lots of pride,
Managers wear fur coats and ride
Roughshod upon the author's hide,
And give the fellow beans.
Managers wear fur coats and ride
In luscious limousines.

"Stars" like the centre of the stage,
With limelight limning all their features.
Especially when they're the rage
"Stars" like the middle of the stage,
Otherwise deadly war they wage . . .
(They're very temperamental creatures!)
"Stars" like the middle of the stage,
With limelight limning all their features.

Dramatic critics get their stalls
Free, gratis, every time.
Without preliminary mauls
Dramatic critics get their stalls,
Then write: "This wretched play appals . . .
To write it was a crime!"
Dramatic critics get *their* stalls
Free, gratis, every time.

Comedians provoke the smiles
Of full-fed people . . . after dinner!
With seasoned japes and whiskered wiles
Comedians provoke the smiles,
Pouching each week their princely "piles"
For humour growing ever thinner.
Comedians provoke the smiles
Of full-fed people . . . *after* dinner!

A "leading lady" rules the roost
In theatres where she cuts her capers.
With "temperament" untamed, unloosed,
A "leading lady" rules the roost—
Hers are the only charms to boost,
Her pictures must be in the papers!
A "leading lady" rules the roost
In theatres where she cuts her capers.

ILLUSTRATED BORDER BY MACMICHAEL

"I lost my car on Boxing Day"

CHRISTMAS REFORM

By A. A. THOMSON *Illustrations by ILLINGWORTH*

MATILDA BLIPSTOW, spinster (58), was charged at Bow Street to-day with wilfully sending her nephew a Christmas present within the meaning of the Act, to wit, one knitted worsted tie in fourteen colours. Upon the tie being produced in court a juryman swooned. Defendant, who felt her position keenly, was sentenced to six months imprisonment, the judge affirming that he was determined to stamp out this kind of thing.

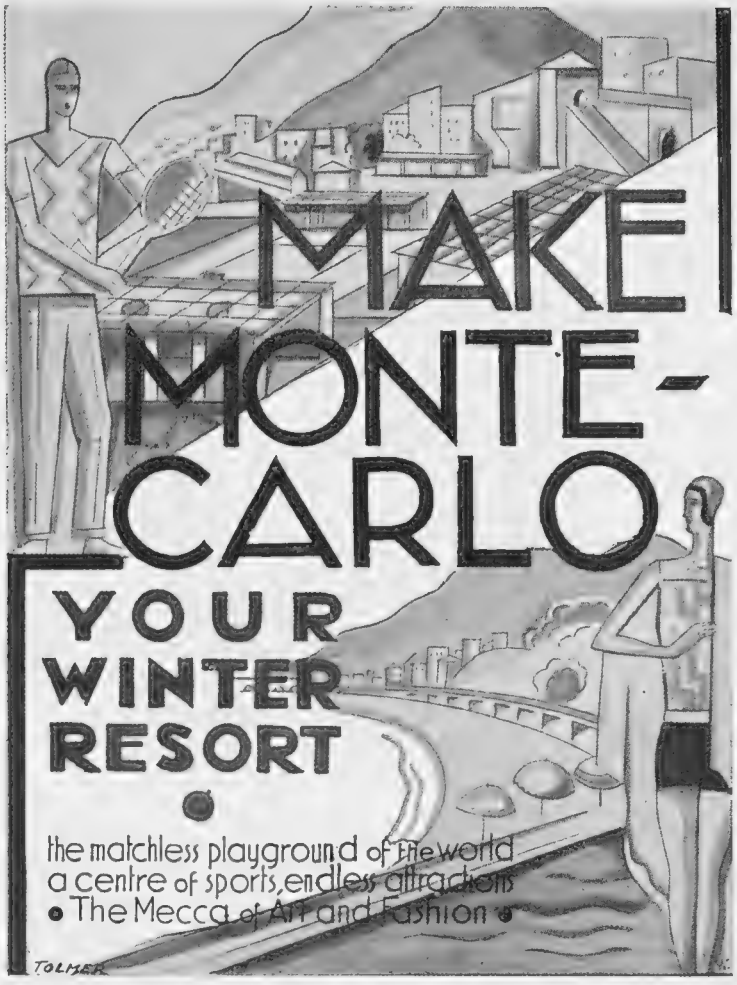
SINCE such legislation, though desirable, is not practical politics, the problem must be tackled in another way. In America, I am told, they have, at various points of the landscape, enormous dumps of used cars. When Mr. Babbit has driven his auto for (say) a fortnight, I am informed that he scraps it and buys another, the old flivvers being piled up in scrap heaps about the size of Ben Nevis, but of superior picturesqueness and grandeur. Let us apply this excellent principle to Christmas presents. Imagine a gigantic dump of calendars, japanned ash trays, and woolly dressing-table mats. Think of a colossal pyramid entirely constructed of chromatic carpet slippers. These might, on occasions of public rejoicing, be soaked in petrol (or benzol mixture) and burnt amid the plaudits of the multitude. In fact, all Christmas presents should be burnt, except cigars. The burning of Christmas cigars would be a terrible affair. They should be soaked in sea water and then blown up with dynamite.

THE mistletoe habit is a good one. I am decidedly pro-mistletoe. What offends me is the unequal distribution of the commodity. Mistletoe should be democratic or nothing. I am for kissing of the people

"When Mr Babbit has driven his auto for a fortnight . . . he scraps it and buys another"

I AM all for Christmas in a general way. I merely think the show might be a little better organised. For instance, Christmas weather. But I don't intend to take on the job of reforming that. Nobody but a born fool would try to reform the weather. I won't even demand an old-fashioned Christmas. We had one of those last year. The real thing. But what I say is: A Dickensy Christmas is one thing and twelve feet of snow in the village is another. There was no sense or reason in it. I lost my car on Boxing Day—in my own garden, too—and didn't find it till the snow melted a fortnight later. Now you know what make of car it was. You have me placed, socially. Let us have frost on the window panes and all that, but twelve feet of snow . . . that is merely silly. Nay, more, it savours of ostentation or even vulgarity. So we shall not demand weather reform. Let us stick to the good, sound, ordinary Christmas, with plenty of fog and drizzling rain. You know where you are with that.

ABOUT presents. Presents are a sore point. I suppose there is very little hope at the moment of having presents compulsorily abolished. It might be considered rather tyrannical if you could hand a man over to the police merely because he had given you a Christmas present. A fascinating idea, if rather impracticable. Imagine it:



Gentleman's Umbrella, Malacca crook, silver or plated gold band	61/		
Gentleman's Umbrella, Malacca crook, gold band	£5 - 10 - 0		
Lady's "Stub" Umbrella, Brown Lizard handle	63/-	Lady's "Stub" Umbrella, Grey Lizard handle	68/-
Lady's "Stub" Umbrella, Crocodile handle ..	57/-	(Coloured silks 3/- extra)	
"The Perfect" (Pat.) Seat-Stick. In two sizes	45/-	"The Perfect" Umbrella. In two sizes ..	75/-
Malacca Cane, silver cap	38/-	Malacca Cane, gold cap	from £5 - 5 - 0
Whalebone Crop Plaited Kangaroo hide, silver collar and thong			88/-
Whalebone Crop, Plaited Kangaroo hide silver collar and thong (Lady's)			65/-

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'SAVORY' GREETING CARDS

Greetings which convey the true Christmas spirit.

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Calendars at every price to suit every taste. Subjects grave or gay by many well-known Artists. Hand Colouring a prominent feature.

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Shopping Bags,
Pochettes,
Purses,
Hussifs,
Blotters,
Comb Tidies,
Bridge Sets,
Book Covers,

and a hundred and one other useful and attractive articles forming admirable Christmas Presents

A solution to the Christmas Present Problem.

When on your Christmas shopping Expeditions do not fail to ask for 'Savory' productions. Obtainable at all high-class Stores.

Made by E. W. Savory Ltd., Bristol.

by the people for the people. Consider the unfairly handsome young man who invariably turns up at a Christmas house party, looking like a cross between a Greek god and your favourite Rugger Blue. He gets all the fun. He shall have mistletoe wherever he goes. Beautiful maidens lie in wait for him. Mistletoe appears to sprout out of the ceiling wherever he stands. Well, a fellow like that ought to be rationed. I would allow him three kisses from three beautiful maidens, and no more. His ration card, countersigned by a magistrate, a minister of religion, or a police officer not below the rank of sergeant, would not allow him anything above his statutory three. Then we homely fellows with workaday faces and large red ears might have a chance.

卐

Let us ponder upon mince pies Mince pies. As a great American poet has observed: Oh, boy! How are we to get the best out of our mince pies? Familiarity with mince pies tends to make us treat them with less respect than is their just due. Small boys have been known to eat mince pies in dozens. This shows a deplorable state of affairs. One boy, one mince pie: that should be our slogan. We must present the mince pie as a thing of awe and mystery. A solemn ceremony should be introduced into all schools on the breaking-up day of the Christmas term, ending with the Saluting of the Mince Pie. Only thus will the flippant and careless younger generation learn to reverence things to which reverence is due.

"Then we homely fellows with workaday faces . . ."

卐

One final reform. Christmas numbers should be published in July. Then artists and authors would be able to infuse a seasonable spirit into their work, carrying it out before a roaring Yule fire, while a snowstorm beats upon the window pane. This innovation would revolutionise the compilation of Christmas numbers. I am not grumbling. But granted this simple reform I should not be writing this powerful Christmas article in a bathing costume at Frinton. All right, old chap. I'm just coming for another dip. . . .

A. A. T.

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can you give than an Austin? A present that will bestow years of pleasure—of trouble-free, economical motoring; a handsome present in every sense of the word and one which will give boundless delight for many years to come. For the Austin is so cosy—so luxuriously comfortable and roomy—so light on running costs. Give an Austin, then—the present which will be appreciated far beyond your own expectations.

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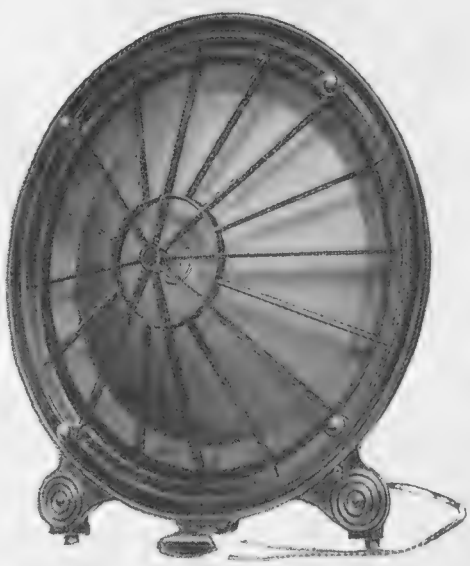

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The CURE.

By V. I. Hilton

Illustrations by ALFRED LEETE

THE doctor looked at the caller's clothes, blithely hummed a couple of notes (plagiarised from a local sparrow) and rubbed his hands—force of habit, cold weather, or something. Then he invited the caller into his consulting room. He took another look at his clothes, murmured some inaudible self-assurance, and said, " Have a cigar, Mr. Wall."

The other was a fairly affluent man. Affluent enough, anyway, not to mind the addition of an extra guinea or so on his bill. So he took a cigar. Then he eased his collar and commenced his address. He spoke rapidly and nervously, his eyes shifting round the room and never meeting the doctor's. Perhaps that was well, for the doctor's eyes were glittering badly.

" I was recommended to come to you by my friend, Sir Ernest Hay." The doctor rubbed his hands again. Sir Ernest was his best investment, always ill and always paying: an inexhaustible gold-mine. Trying to dull his eyes, he said: " Sir Ernest is a highly discriminating man, as I hope you will find." Then he fetched a little instrument, much the same as a taximeter, which he set on the table, saying: " Yes, the same as a taximeter, except that it registers its money for time instead of distance."

He set the machine going, drew a blotting pad in front of him, and lazily sketched the word " Extras." Then, with his head on one side, he roughed out three columns and headed them " £. s. d."

The other began his tale of woe. " I've been to half a dozen doctors already. That is, if one could call them doctors. Frauds and fee-snatchers are better names. Sir Ernest tells me you are neither."

" N-neither! " affirmed the medical man.

" Well, anyway, there's something the matter with me. The first doctor I went to see gave tongue to that sentence before *I* did; immediately he set eyes on me. An obvious and tactless money-grabber. He said it so emphatically that he frightened me—made me think there really was something the matter with me instead of *vice versâ* as a really good doctor should do.

" The second tried the *vice versâ* stunt. And, damme, he temporarily convinced me. One of those cheery coves: well-fed, red-faced, rotund. Irresistible spirit of bonhomie, and all that. He came bouncing in like a two-year-old, whistling like a newsboy, and dancing like Pan, gave me a darn great slog on the back, and said, ' Bah! there's nothing the matter with you.' I believed him. Only when I got outside did I realise it was either a catch to get his money quickly, or else he was mentally unbalanced through having benefited under a will, having wangled a tuppenny ride for a penny on the tram, or having been left *The Times* instead of *The Daily Mail*. Maybe he had even administered the hypodermic K.O. to a patient against whom he had nursed a grudge. Anyhow, deliberate or unconscious, I knew he was a liar. There *was* something wrong with me."

He paused and looked at the fee-meter.

" Cigar all right? " asked Dr. McTavey, trying to make the pause a regular hiatus.

" Fine, thanks." And he rushed on before the doctor got on to the weather and Channel swimming: " Doc. Number Three just echoed my sentence ' There is something the matter,' after me, with the accent on the *is*. Well, I've got a parrot at home that does that *without* rooking me a guinea a time. Me for the parrot and economy. Number Four said: ' You're run down—You need a holiday—Take a rest—Sea voyage—Two guineas,' all in one breath. I said, ' That's an old one. I've heard it before somewhere,' paid him his bill, and thought it easy money.

" Next man in was like the last but one, and both of them were highway Turpins and gentleman-pickpockets. He said with all the emphasis of Prosecuting Counsel calling the defence a tissue of lies, ' There's nothing the matter at all.' But from his bill you'd have thought I'd been suffering from every disease under the sun and that he'd been giving me radium treatment. I emptied my pockets and said I'd send the rest on."

" I think it's disgraceful," said Dr. McTavey. " Now I once knew a man . . . ."

" Excuse me, the meter's clicking. Number Six was a real high-price merchant. He tried to palm off a book called ' Auto-Suggestion, the Panacea ' on me. Five guineas per autographed copy, edition limited. Ought to have been a salesman, that man, not a doctor. What

put me off was his portrait as a frontispiece. Continual reminder of the man who's stung me for five guineas. So I said I'd wait for the cheap popular edition, and I'm hoping that in the meantime the printers will lose the photo block.

"I then paid him two guineas. One guinea entrance fee, half a guinea for wiping my feet on his doormat, five bob for use of an armchair. and half a dollar sundries. The surplus, if any, to be put by for a rainy day or expended on a new gadget for his motor."

The Physician's Friend and Destitute Doc's Delight paused. The fee-meter registered £2 12s. 6d. He started. "Does that little thing keep good time?"

"P-perfect. P-perfectly astounding."

"You never knew it to get just a wee bit fast?"

"Never."

"Oh. Well, anyway, that exhausts my dealings with other doctors. Now it's *your* turn."

"Well," said Dr. McTavey, "there's something the matter with you undoubtedly." And he jotted down some figures on his Extras sheet. "You're run down." Again pen met paper. "I make a speciality of cases like yours." A couple of 2's were traced out on the Extras bill. "And I think I can cure you!" The poised pen pounced.

"I attribute my condition to . . ."

"Careful thought and due deliberation are undoubtedly required"

"Overwork!" said the doctor.

"Precisely. Just what I was going to say."

"Ah, but I said it first," said the doctor under his breath, and jotted down another guinea—diagnosis fee.

"Now, doctor, barring asking me to say 'Ah' whilst you get through to my heart on your listening-in set, and then recommending the holiday-cum-sea-voyage, can you suggest a cure?"

"What is your golf handicap?" asked Dr. McTavey.

"Sorry," said Mr. Wall, "I've been bitten that way once. It was one of the other doctors. He asked me my handicap. I told him. Then he told me his and asked did I play much. Interested, I said, 'Quite a little.' After a pause he said, 'Have you heard this one?' I said, 'I hope not,' and he told me a rattling good golf story. I retaliated, and we got talking. He had a fund of stories. I had a few. We bartered. From golf we drifted to fishing. He

(*Continued on page* xii)

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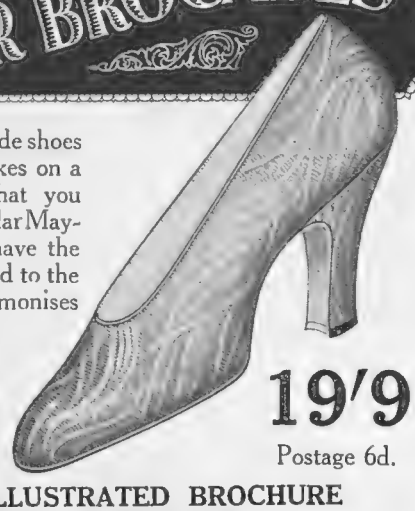

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G W R

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G W R

(Continued from page x)

told me of his catches, and . . . by the way, doctor, do you think it's *possible* for a man to land a forty-eight pound trout from a British water? . . . No, I see you don't. Nor did I. I knew that man was lying, but I beat him by landing a fifty-two pounder. And so we went on telling lies to one another. Then came my bill. Big. He charged piece-work, like you, but he didn't have one of these meters. He guessed, and guessed, well—about two miles out on *his* side! When I got outside I suddenly remembered what I'd been to see him for. I went back, and said, 'Er.' 'Ah,' said he, 'feeling better? Come to thank me?' 'What about the treatment?' said I. 'Treatment?' he said. 'That chat was the treatment . . . Feeling better?' 'Not much,' said I. 'Let's have another chat,' said he; but I went, feeling better for having stopped the treatment there.

"So don't you ask me about my golf handicap," concluded Mr. Wall. "Anything you like but that. I'm listening."

"Just have a look at 'em, doc."

"These things," said the doctor, "are not to be decided in one moment. Careful thought and due deliberation are undoubtedly required." And he set about it by lighting a cigarette, screwing up his eyes, and pacing the room.

Mr. Wall let him cover a good half-mile. Then he cleared his throat. No response. A further quarter, then: "I've got a bright idea," said Mr. Wall. "Let's have a little game guessing the distance you've covered—the loser to pay my bill. Cash to be paid to any charity agreed upon, the Young Doctors' Training College excepted."

But Dr. McTavey never heard. Another five circuits of the room, and: "Last lap," said Mr. Wall laconically. Another hundred yards. "Huzzah, huzzah, Cambridge wins!" Mr. Wall's voice was toneless, sepulchral. The doctor never heard. On went his feet—pad, pad, pad—over the luxurious Persian carpet presented to him, together with an illuminated address, by clients grateful for having their lives spared.

(Continued on page xiv)

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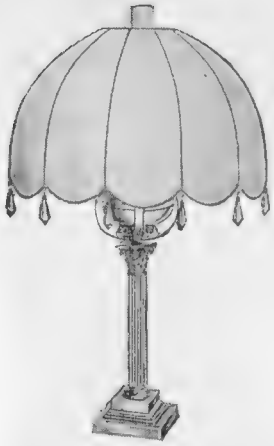

PEDESTAL TABLE LAMP. A beautiful model for the drawing-room.
Lacquered Brass £3 12 0
Oxydised Copper £4 7 0
Oxydised Silver £5 0 0
Silk Shade shown No. 472 67/9 extra.

The new Aladdin adds sunshine to Christmas

What happier thought than to add the sunshine of Aladdin light to Christmas cheer in your own and other circles? By doing so there is the lasting joy of the brightness and advantages of the new Aladdin 12 throughout ensuing years.

This new model is indeed a revelation in artificial lighting. It is an incandescent paraffin lamp as clean, safe and convenient as any other means of illumination and more economical. It burns without creating smoke, odour or soot, is not a pressure lamp and requires the minimum of attention to maintain its remarkable light and efficiency.

Millions of previous model Aladdin lamps are in use throughout the world, and the range of types of the new Aladdin with all the additional advantages will surely appeal to thousands more who realise the importance of efficient lighting.

So make this an Aladdin Christmas for yourself, and when you are thinking of a *different* gift that will be appreciated years hence—*remember Aladdin.*

*Give your old Aladdin Lamp a present this Christmas—**a new No. 12 Burner.** Your ironmonger will tell you all about the unique scheme by which you can exchange your old burner and have all the advantages of the new No. 12 Aladdin Lamp.*

Send to us for illustrated catalogue or ask your ironmonger to show you a full range of Aladdin floor, table, hanging and bracket models

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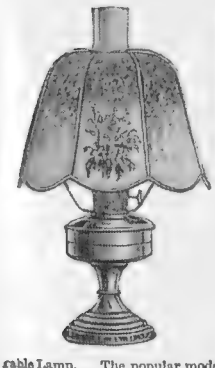


STANDARD FLOOR LAMP. An imposing model that will harmonise with any style of furnishing.
Plain Oak £6 0 0
Plain Mahogany £6 10 0
Carved Oak £8 5 0
Carved Mahogany £8 15 0
Twisted Oak £6 15 0
Twisted Mahogany £7 10 0
Taffeta Shade shown No. 474 £5 17 6 extra

...rable Lamp. The popular model suitable for any room.
Oxydised Copper £2 14 0
Oxydised Silver £3 0 0
Hand-painted Cristalaux Shade shown No 3193 32/6 extra.
The same lamp in polished brass, satin brass or nickel finish £2 2 0
Satin, white glass shade No. 601 6/- extra.

Pedestal Table Lamp. A handsome model for the dining-room.
Plain Oak £3 19 6
Plain Mahogany £4 2 6
Carved Oak £6 1 6
Carved Mahogany £6 4 6
Twisted Oak £4 7 0
Twisted Mahogany £4 12 6
Pleated Jap Silk Shade shown No. 205 52/6 extra.

This is Your Guarantee

THAT A
D & G
ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION
is the Cheapest in the end

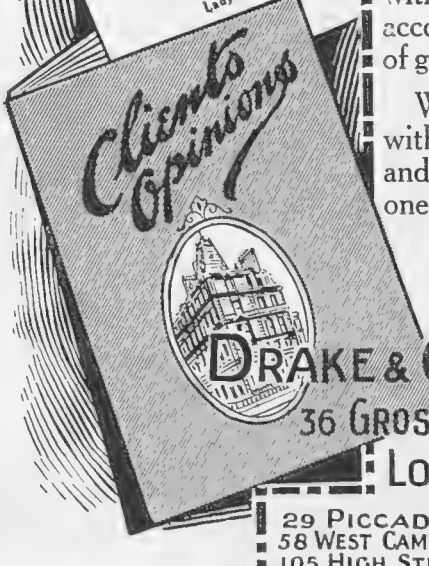
Thelveton Hall,
Scole, Norfolk.
Nov. 19th, 1921

Sir Edward Mann has much pleasure in stating that he considers Messrs. Drake & Gorham's work in every branch of Electric Installations is of the highest order—and if he had to start again he would most certainly give Messrs. Drake & Gorham the contract. THEIR WORK HAS STOOD FOR 30 YEARS and is as good as ever.

Byneley,
Burnley,
Lancashire.
Feb. 27th, 1928

To Messrs. Drake & Gorham

Sirs,
I wish to tell you how very satisfied I am with the installation of my Electric Light. It was carried out by Mr. — most perfectly, he took the GREATEST pains to satisfy all my requirements. Also, I cannot speak too highly of all your workmen, who under your foreman Mr. — were most efficient, quick, careful and obliging.
Believe me
Yours faithfully,
Lady Alice Reyntiens



An Electrical Installation may be either

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(*b*) A source of constant annoyance and expense.

The cost of electrical work varies within wide ranges according to quality of goods and labour.

We are content with small profits and supply only one quality — the best.

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36 GROSVENOR GARDENS,
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ALSO
29 PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
58 WEST CAMPBELL ST, GLASGOW.
105 HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER.
20 BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER.

(Continued from page xii)

Mr. Wall glanced once more at the meter. "Six-seventeen-six," he read, said "Good Lord!" and reached for his hat.

The doctor took the hint. "Ha!" he shouted, very short; and, in his excitement no doubt, snatched Mr. Wall's hat out of his hand and put it back on the table. "Ha! I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked Mr. Wall, dazed. "Sore feet?"

"Sore feet—och, no. I've got the cure!"

"Oooh, the cure," said Mr. Wall, as though he had forgotten all about it. "Well, now, that's mighty clever of you, doc. Quick work, too. What is it, then?—how many times a day do I take it?—and is it neat or in water?"

"You'll only need to take it once, and then neat. Listen," said the doctor, his eyes all alight, "there is but one thing that will rid you of your misgivings, your horrible doubts . . ."

"What is it?"

"Your calamitous forebodings, your dreadful fears . . ."

"Yes?"

"Your dire visions, and make you a self-respecting and respect-commanding citizen. And that is . . ."

"Well?"

"A fight!" bellowed the doctor, and made a rush for his Extras sheet.

Anti-climax . . .

Mr. Wall recovered, mopped his brow, and said: "Now look here, doc, isn't this a bit thick. I'm a pretty decent sort of cove—don't mind a joke, and all that—but, say, isn't this going just a bit too far?"

"Nonsense, my dear sir. I'm perfectly serious. Just you have a fight with someone. Let yourself go. Go in and win. Bash him well and truly. Mash his face up so that he has to join a circus as the Ugliest Man in the World—without make-up. Give him a pair of eyes all black, and then see if you don't feel self-important, top-of-the-morning, healthy, zestful, and afraid of no one. I prescribe it. I order it. Try it. I guarantee the cure. Try it, and then come back and thank me."

Mr. Wall looked at the doctor quizzically. Kindly he said: "Now, doctor, easy does it. Don't you think that walk was a little too much for you? Hadn't I better ring for your maid and whisky?"

The doctor jotted down two guineas—indemnity for impertinence. "I prescribe a fight," he repeated, all the parrot within him rising.

Mr. Wall thought for a moment. Then he said: "All right. I'll try it."

Two heads inclined towards the fee-meter. Two pairs of eyes read the figures. Both pairs widened: the one with delight, the other with dismay. Both men whistled—Mr. Wall an involuntary indrawn breath, Dr. McTavey the "Marseillaise"—for the amount registered was £8 2s. 6d.

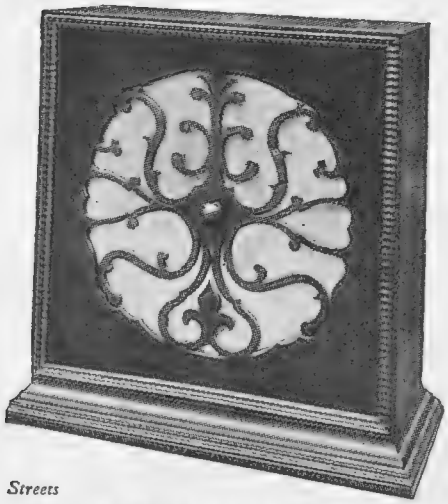
The doctor's whistling was pronouncedly joyous. As he totted up the Extras and made them total nine guineas, he went from whistling to a still more halcyon humming. The tune remained the "Marseillaise." Next he added the two totals together, and got a result of £19 19s. (Other creditors please copy.) Then, deciding that it was an ugly figure, he substituted the good old round one of £21.

"That my bill?" asked Mr. Wall faintly, watching the pen's gyrations.

(Continued on page xvi)

THE INVENTION OF THE YEAR!

A MOVING COIL SPEAKER WHICH WORKS OFF AN ORDINARY 2-VALVE RECEIVER WITHOUT SPECIAL VALVES, ACCUMULATORS, OR MAINS



THE DUAL INDUCTANCE SELF-ENERGISING MOVING COIL SPEAKER is the greatest advance in inexpensive sound reproduction to date. Although built on the moving coil principle, it has none of its disadvantages and will work off an ordinary 2-valve Receiver without accumulators, mains connections, special valves or transformers. Uncannily responsive! Drums sound real! The highest notes come as if direct from artist or instrument. A handsomely polished mahogany cabinet, scientifically and attractively fretted both sides, gives unison to a symphonic whole. Its astonishing price—7 guineas!

★ Other M.P.A. Models are: The Popular Plaque (29/6), De Luxe Plaque, Table Cabinet Speaker, "Octroda" 8-Electrode Self-Contained Stationary Set, and the "Ethatrope" All-Electric Radio Gramophone — as good as an orchestra.

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9/28 h.p. 4-cyl. Saloon £295

Such marked Performance— Such Beauty of Line!

INCREASED power, rapid acceleration and smooth running, combined with more buoyant suspension and low centre of gravity, are the component features that contribute to the wonderfully marked advance in road performance of the new Humber Cars.

Ideally slung coachwork, with low sweeping lines, breathes modernity with dignity to an advanced degree. Upholstery, appointments and coachwork finish convey instantly that impression of solid value for which the Humber has always been famed.

The New Humbers. Enclosed and Open Touring Models: 4-cyl.: 9/28 h.p. & 14/40 h.p. 6-cyl.: 16/50 h.p. & 20/65 h.p. Models from £240. (*Dunlop Tyres Standard*). Send to-day for catalogue.

Humber

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON: *Showrooms and Export Branch Office:* 94, New Bond Street, W.1. *Service:* Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6

One Cigarette Too Many

One cigarette beyond the limit and your throat begins to assert itself—goes hot and dry and irritates. Now is the time "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles prove such a boon. In a pleasant, soothing manner they remove all irritation and your throat again becomes normal.

Try them. They are Delicious.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
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Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

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All the joys of ship-board life . . . sunshine, comfort, novelty . . . and then the wonders of

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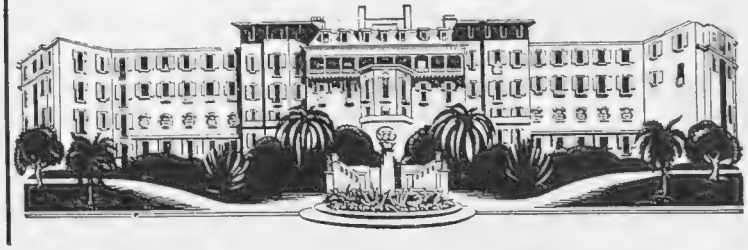

Stay at the MOUNT NELSON HOTEL Capetown.

(Continued from page xiv)

"Yes, sir, twenty guineas," said Dr. McTavey, and switched from the "Marseillaise" to Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." He put much feeling into his rendering: deep, grand, rich feeling.

They say that the more money you have, the less do you like being at the wrong end of a bargain. That there must be something in this is proved by Mr. Wall's subsequent conduct.

"Be all right to take your treatment right away?" It was really more of a statement than a question, though a certain suaveness hid the menace of it.

"As soon as you like," said Dr. McTavey with a bright smile, standing up and cutting off the meter's activity. "Only, of course, it's as well to see that your fists are nice and hard before you pound anyone."

"Well, are they? Just have a look at 'em, doc."

The doctor inspected them. "They'll do," he said.

"Be better for you to feel them—eh, doc?" The doctor either hadn't the time or the heart to say No. He felt them. He bit what little dust there was to bite in his Persian carpet (presented by grateful patients), and lay there like a log, mute testimony to the hardness of Mr. Wall's fists.

Mr. Wall had had his fight. Now to "let himself go." He went across to the fee-meter, gave a loud whoop, and put his foot through it. He felt quite better.

Then he sat down and wrote out a cheque for £21—payable to "W. McTavey or Bearer." He looked at W. McTavey. W. McTavey lay very still. Mr. Wall underlined the "or Bearer" . . .

V. I. H.

By Bowes

SOLD!

Sonny (*dismally surveying his presents*): "I know who Father Christmas is now, Mummie! He has a sixpenny bazaar in the High Street"

THE NEW AGE OF THE WATCH

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(PATENTED)
(Improved Models)

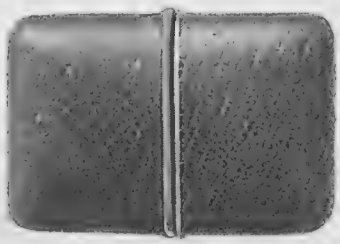
"The time-keeping qualities of a watch do not lie in the intrinsic value of the metal used, but in the science and workmanship of its construction."

The introduction of the Automatic Winding Watch is unquestionably the greatest stride ever recorded in the History of the Watch.

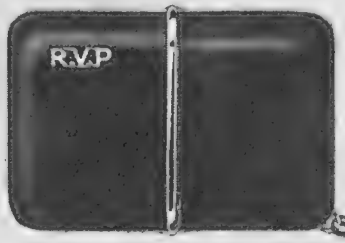
Full particulars and catalogue sent on request.

Silver Covered Crocodile or Lizard, £10 12 0
Automatic Winder - - - £13 5 0

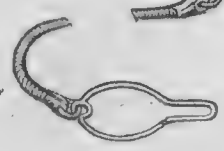
Also in Gold.



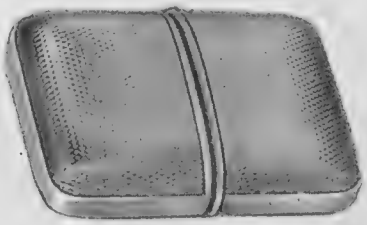
Silver Covered Pigskin or Morocco,
£10 5 0
Automatic Winder, £12 17 6



Lacquer, Black, Green or Mahogany on Silver,
£11 11 0
Automatic Winder,
£13 17 6
Silver Chain and Ring for Ladies' or Gent's, 15/- extra.
Also in Gold.



Silver Covered Shagreen, £11 5 0
'Non-Stop' Automatic Winder, £13 17 0



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'Non-Stop' - - £12 17 6
Also in 9ct. and 18ct. Gold.

Obtainable at first class Jewellers or

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THERE'S always a warm welcome for a Christmas gift of Osman Towels. The entire family appreciate their luxurious softness and unusually absorbent qualities, which countless visits to the laundry will not impair.
Long after the festive season has come and gone, Osman Towels will continue to do their work efficiently and well.

OSMAN TOWELS

See the small "OSMAN" tab on each.

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Tom Smith's Xmas Crackers are Simply made of Fun!

What loads of fun there are in Tom Smith's Christmas Crackers with their delightful surprises. Hats, Puzzles and Toys! Christmas wouldn't be the same without these big, bright-hued Crackers that make the Christmas table such a riot of colour and merriment!

TOM SMITH'S
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

You cannot be too sure that the Crackers you buy *are* Tom Smith's as there are Crackers on the market (usually large in size) which only contain disappointment.

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Whatever BOTTLES you may lay in this CHRISTMAS—be sure that at least one of them contains PAN YAN

Maconochies make it *Every Grocer sells it*

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Southern climate—between Biarritz and Saint Sébastien. Magnificent centre for excursions into the French and Spanish Basque regions.

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Open all year round.

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Golf Links 18 holes. One of the finest on the Continent.
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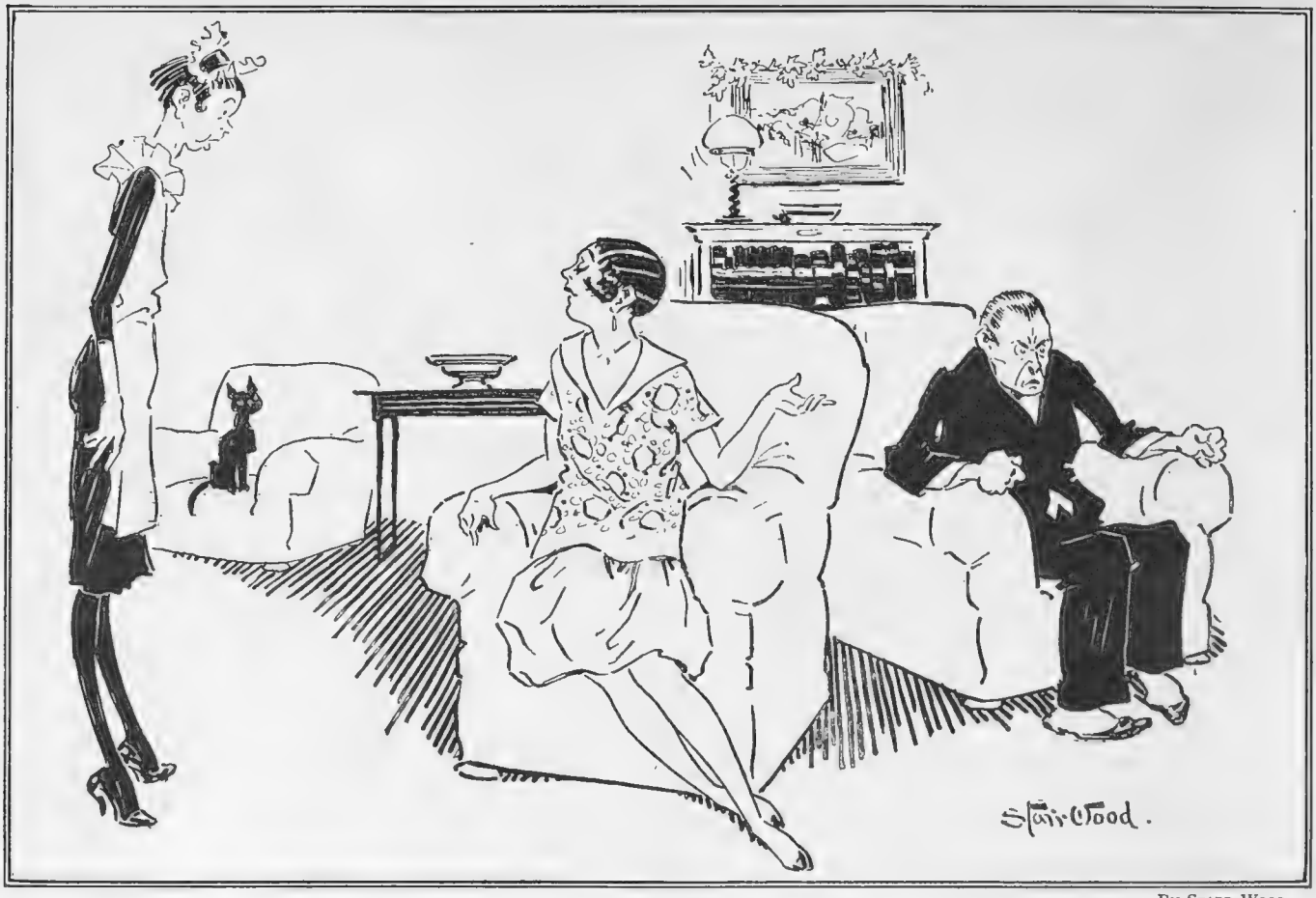

By Starr Wood

A SLEEPING PARTNER

"Did you ring, mum?"
"Yes. Come and listen to your master grousing about his Christmas expenses while I go to bed"

Will you help this Baby, and his 7,798 Brothers and Sisters.

For 62 years Dr. Barnardo's homes have been welcoming the orphan and destitute children of the Nation and in that time they have admitted over 105,000 needy little ones, their present family numbering nearly 8,000. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if the Charter "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission" is to be maintained.

Will you send a Christmas Gift of 10/- to feed one child for ten days?

Cheques and Orders payable ***"Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund,"*** *and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.*

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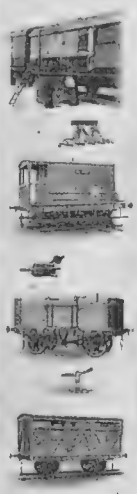

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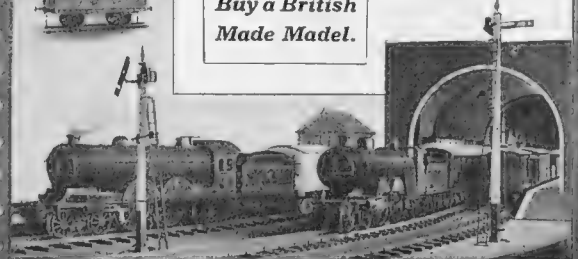

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2/3 per box.

OMAR KHAYYAM VANISHING CREAM, 3/- per jar.

OMAR KHAYYAM TOILET SOAP,
4/6 per box of 3 cakes

XMAS MENU

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Native Oysters.
Clear Turtle Soup.
Turbot. Sauce Hollandaise.
Filets de Bœuf à la Reforme.
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Boiled Ham.
Seakale. Potato Croquettes.
Plum Pudding. Brandy Sauce.
Savoury—Paté de Foie Gras.
Coffee. Dessert. Liqueurs.

Filets de Bœuf à la Reforme

Cut some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick and fry them quickly in a *sauté*-pan. Have ready some rounds of bread (fried) the same size as the fillets, place a fillet of beef on each, then a well-cooked mushroom and a small round of fat fried crisp. Serve with a gravy, thickened and well-flavoured, poured round.

A Rich Plum Pudding

Mix 1 lb. of breadcrumbs with 4 oz. of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and 1 lb. of finely chopped beef suet; add to this 1 lb. of stoned raisins, 1 lb. of currants, ½ lb. of finely chopped candied peel, 4 oz. of Demerara sugar, 2 oz. of chopped almonds, and one teaspoonful of mixed spice. Mix thoroughly and add eight eggs, well beaten, and a wineglassful of brandy. Put the mixture into a buttered mould, cover with a cloth, tie down, and boil it for eight hours. When wanted for table boil it again for two hours. Pour a little rum or brandy round and set it alight just as it is being sent to table.

AN IMPROMPTU SUPPER

Fricassée of Lobster.
Oysters Sauté.
(*Both these can be cooked in a chafing-dish.*)
Game Salad. Baked Potatoes à la Carlton.
Iced Cream Soufflé.
Parmesan Eggs.
Coffee.

Fricassée of Lobster

Pick all the flesh from a large lobster and mince it. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a chafing-dish, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten gradually with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. When thoroughly mixed add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes. Squeeze over some lemon juice, and serve with brown bread and butter.

Iced Cream Soufflé

Whip a pint of thick cream, add a wineglassful of Maraschino; beat the whites of four eggs to snow, and mix lightly with the cream. Pour into a *soufflé*-dish, which must be surrounded with a band of paper two inches higher than the dish. Keep on ice for some hours.

Emilia.

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Size 7 × 6.
PRICE
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No. 3—VERY ATTRACTIVE BAG at a moderate price, in Persian designs and colourings. Imitation shell mount
Size 7½ × 7.
PRICE
15/6

No. 4—SPECIAL VALUE SILK MOIRE BAG, inner division, good quality lining. Black, navy, nigger and beige.
Size 6½ × 7.
PRICE
21/-

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W. Jelks & Sons' great Furniture Galleries at Holloway Road can very aptly be called "Furniture Land," as they comprise a really colossal display of High Grade Second-hand Furniture spread over an enormous floor space

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Nearest to the Station in a quiet position.

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ALL CYCLE AGENTS AND STORES WILL SUPPLY.

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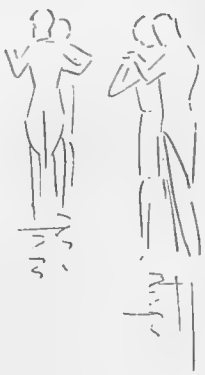
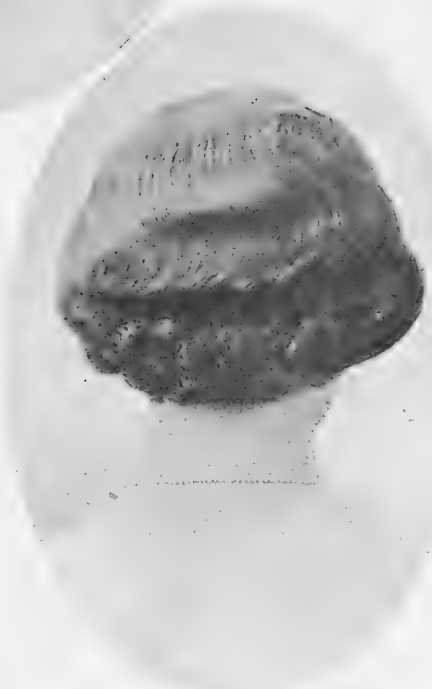
Francis **PERMANENT WAVING** Combined with the Feather Weight Chignon





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After Permanent Waving or for naturally wavy hair, **ONDUL-SET** *is strongly recommended. When sprayed on the hair it retains the depth of the waves. Obtainable in a variety of perfumes.*

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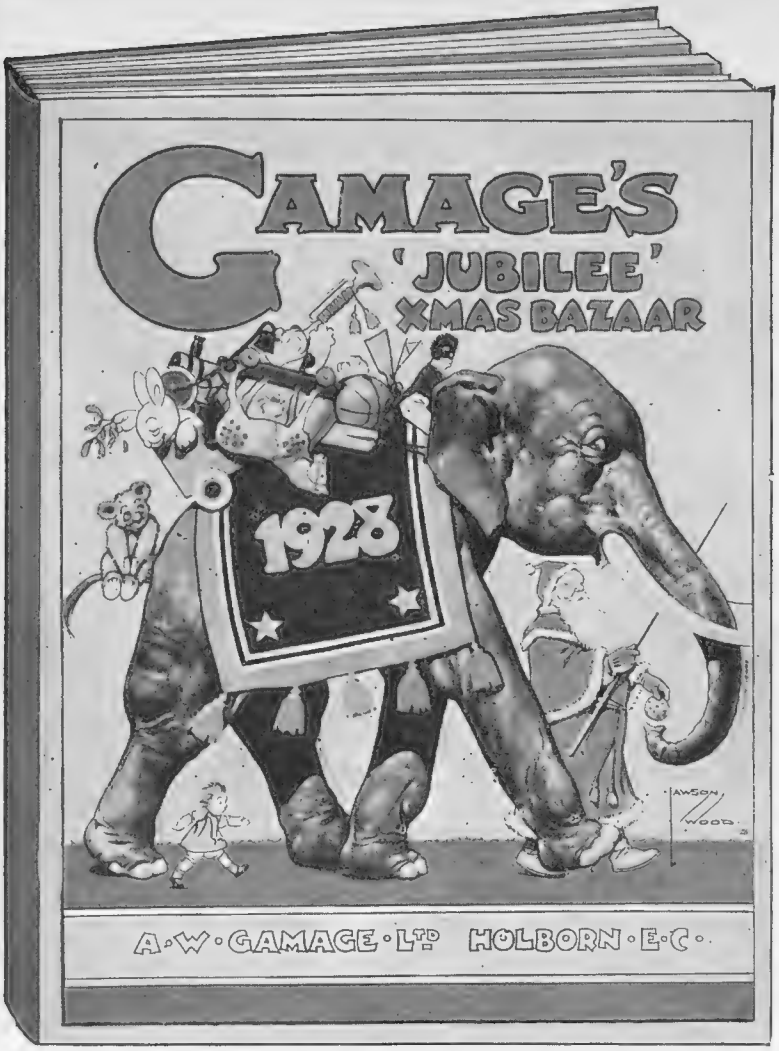

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¶ Even to the hundreds of thousands of grown ups who know the magnitude of Gamages Christmas Bazaar, this Year's Exposition will come as a thrill and a surprise.

Scores of spacious Departments are literally ablaze with the most wonderful array of Seasonable Gifts for all ages ever assembled under one roof. All are arranged for easy choice, priced for easy purchase.

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BIGGER & BETTER THAN EVER

Its 200 pages teem with appropriate gifts for all, beautifully illustrated in colour and Photogravure. Early application is essential, or 'Phone Holborn 8484.

FATHER CHRISTMAS and HIS TROUPE OF ELEPHANTS

have arrived. They have taken London by storm. All day they assist him in the distribution of surprise parcels to his little guests brought along by their people.

But of all the other wonderful surprises of the World's greatest Toyland space does not permit mention.

Make your plans NOW for an early visit.

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Silk Stockings
from 5/11
Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Dainty et cetera.

DANCE FROCKS
for Evening and Afternoon
from 5½ Gns.

Copy of French Model in all colours of Silk NET.
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FOR THE HUNTING SEASON
Riding Shirts, Stocks, Veils and Gloves.

Goods sent on approval.

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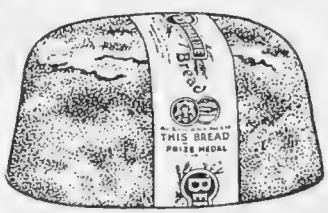
Every meal a Happy Memory

The delicious slices of "Bermaline" Bread, so full of goodness, are welcomed by young and old, the kiddies love "Bermaline" and eagerly ask for more.

At Xmas, and all the year round, "Bermaline" makes every meal a pleasant memory. Start with it to-day.



Baked by all High-class Bakers. For name and address of your nearest "Bermaline" Baker write: Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., "Bermaline" Factory, Ibrox, Glasgow.

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The Ideal Wheaten Malt **Bread**

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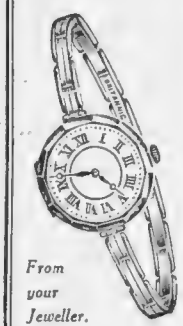

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ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF "CARADIUM" RESTORER

20 years younger

"Caradium" is not a Dye, not a "progressive" Dye. **not a Dye** or stain at all. Yet a few application will absolutely restores your Grey Hair to it's full original colour without trace of risk, trouble or danger.

Safe to use, **"Caradium"** is so gradual in action and yields such absolutely natural results that *its use is undetectable.*

NOT A DYE.

Whatever the cause of your greyness, or however long-standing it may be **"Caradium"** will cure it. The Radio-active water from which **"Caradium"** is prepared is the secret of its wonderful restorative and vitalising properties.

SPECIAL HAIR BOOK SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

DANDRUFF QUICKLY CURED.— IF YOU ARE NOT GREY "CARADIUM" USED TWICE WEEKLY WILL PREVENT YOU GOING GREY.

Caradium REGD. HAIR RESTORER

WARNING:—Do not accept Restorers offered "Just as Good," as no substitute will give "Caradium" results.

OWING TO PUBLIC DEMAND a 4/- size is now available for those who are only slightly grey, also **7/6.** (Postage 6d. extra for either size; Overseas postage 2/6 extra.)

"Caradium" is obtainable of Harrods, Whiteleys, Selfridges (Hairdressing). Army & Navy Stores, Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, etc., or direct in plain package from

CARADIUM (Regd.), 38, Great Smith St., Westminster, London

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SESSEL PEARLS

are a visible expression of good taste, and an indication of wise economy, for only the price distinguishes them from genuine pearls.

SESSEL PEARL COLLIER 16 inches long, with 18-Carat Gold Snap in beautiful case.

Three Guineas.

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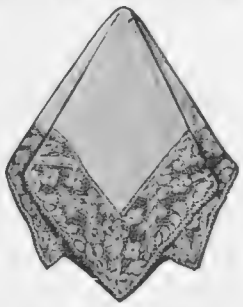
14a, New Bond St., W.1

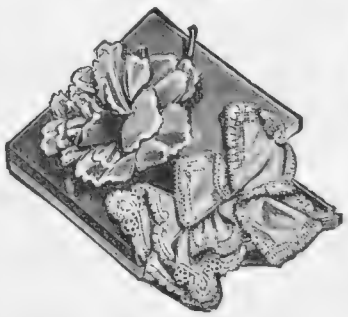
(Only address.)

P. STEINMANN
Exclusive Christmas Gifts



Deep cream IMITATION LACE with coloured Crêpe de Chine centre from **2/6** each.

Selection sent on approval.



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Large selection of Handkerchiefs in all styles.

Most useful is this dainty warm Satin Jacket in rose, mauve, or any shade to order, **84/-**

Dressing Gowns in great variety. Boudoir Caps. Nightgowns.

Selections sent.

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GREY HAIR

Inecto recolouring brings back to the hair the full natural colour of youth. All the beauty your hair possessed at twenty-eight, with the soft surface sheen and youthful texture, will appear under Inecto's perfectly natural colouring. In one single application, taking only half an hour, your hair will be permanently restored to youthful naturalness. You can have Inecto applied either at the Inecto Salons or achieve, quite simply, as perfect a success at home.

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"A Sensible Gift for the Sensible Man."

He'll appreciate

"Luvisca" SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

THE demands both of business and of the social round are well satisfied in "LUVISCA" Shirts and Soft Collars. Smart and well-fitting, but as comfortable and serviceable as any man could desire.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds, Ltd., (Dept. 8M), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS AND STORES.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED "LUVISCA" TAB ON EVERY GARMENT. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

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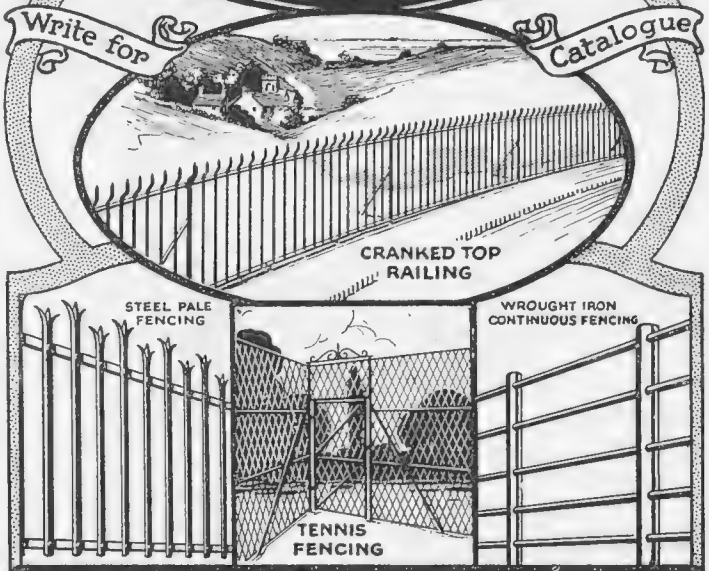
One of the lovely French Model Gowns to be seen in the Showrooms.

Iron & Steel

FENCING & GATES

for every purpose

Write for Catalogue



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OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. The standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—

MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 8).

LET THE "GREAT EIGHT" HELP YOU WHEN YOU GO TO PARIS AND BERLIN.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

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"La Naturelle" transformations are never seen—but

their charming effects are always appreciated.

The possession of one of these delightful head-dresses will immediately put an end to all your hairdressing worries, and will ensure you a smart and becoming coiffure for all occasions. If you have not examined "La Naturelle," it is difficult to realize its many advantages. Georges will be pleased to show you his newest models, or, if a visit to the salons is not convenient, he will gladly send specimens on approval.

Portfolio of latest designs post free.

Full transformation from £12 12 0 Toupet from £4 4 0
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"La Naturelle"
The Symbol of Perfection.
ALWAYS ADMIRED, BUT NEVER DETECTED.

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Les Parfums de Myosotis

GARDENIA—that elusive Scent sought vainly for years by those who minister to Lovely Woman.

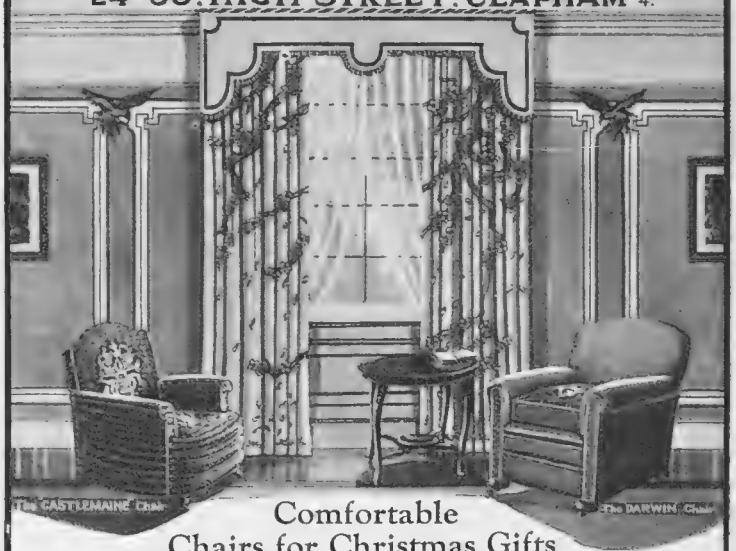
Myosotis alone has captured the Soul of the GARDENIA — unblemished in its fragrant Purity.

In charming Crystal Caskets 12/6 & 25/-

TELEPHONE MAYFAIR FIVE O EIGHT THREE

MYOSOTIS SEVEN HANOVER SQUARE LONDON WEST ONE

"The Home Beautiful"
WILLIAMSON & COLE LTD
24-30, HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM S.W. 4.



Comfortable Chairs for Christmas Gifts

THE charm of the "CASTLEMAINE" CHAIR, reproduced from a beautiful old model, is in its comfort and capacity without taking great space. Upholstered in fibre and hair with a covering of down, giving the comfort of down cushions. In a figured Satin-faced Damask with panels as illustration, in rich colours, on Black or Hazel ground, £12 : 10 : 0.

THE "DARWIN" CHAIR. A delightfully easy chair upholstered all hair, covered in a heavy rich velour at 19 6 per yd. The down cushion has a charming design of spring flowers. Tulips predominating, on cut velour, £12 : 15 : 0. In damask at 7/11 per yd., £9 : 15 : 0

THE CURTAINS illustrated are of rich Velvet with beautifully embroidered design of falling blossoms in colours to suit any decoration. 3½ yds. long £5 : 19 : 6 per pair.

THE TABLE, of choice figured Walnut, nicely carved, £5 : 15 : 0.

A VISIT to our Showrooms will delight you, or write for our book "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL," illustrated in colour, and make your selections, confident you will receive the best possible value

Resist Tropical Sun, Sea Air and Washing. "Sunbrite" Unfadable Fabrics. Any length fading will be replaced.

VELVETS ..	.. 3/11½	DAMASKS ..	.. 2/11½	SATIN CLOTHS ..	.. 4/11
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WILLIAMSON & COLE'S Showrooms are easily reached from Victoria by Electric Railway in 7 minutes. Book to Clapham Station—NOT Clapham Junction. If by Tube, book to Clapham North. Hours of business: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays, 1 p.m.
These buses pass the door: 5a, 32, 32c, 32d, 51, 51a, 67, 80, 88, 88a, 89, 155.

THE FIRST SPECIAL HOSPITAL IN LONDON FOR THE TREATMENT OF CANCER.

NO LETTERS NO PAYMENTS.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of cancer. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** For Building Extensions, the first part of which will be Wards for Middle-Income Patients who can contribute towards their cost.

The

Cancer Hospital

Founded 1851. **(FREE)** Research Institute built 1910.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON.

Bankers—COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. Courtney Buchanan, *Secretary.*

The Best Christmas

Deserving Causes which Ask for

THE average Christmas present is very often difficult to choose, for tastes and fashions vary as years go by. There are, however, some presents which need never vary, and are always sure to be received with gratitude; the only difficulty is to select a suitable recipient. The cheque or gift in kind which goes to charity can bring untold joy, but with so many appeals it is difficult to choose between them. To assist in their choice we draw your attention to some particularly deserving causes.

The object of Miss Smallwood's Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances is twofold: it aims at helping ladies to support themselves by giving them orders for needlework, which is sold by the Society, and it grants money in monthly gifts to the helpless, the sick, and the aged. Money is also given for coal and holidays, or drives for those who cannot go away, and for doctors' bills. The Society is glad of orders for needlework—handkerchief-making is a speciality—and boxes of goods can be sent on approval for Christmas gifts.

The work of the Church Army never knows a rest, and at a season like this it is increased in intensity. All the year round the Army wages war against misery, and at Christmas time it is faced with the distressing prospect of seeing countless poor families go without the necessities of life, let alone some of its comforts, unless help is forthcoming from its friends and sympathisers. There is no cause worthier of your sympathy and help than this.

Forty-four years devoted to making life easier for children is a magnificent record, but records of this kind cannot be made unless there is a solid backing-up of financial support for the workers. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children carries on its work mostly behind the scenes, with the result that people take it for granted. A great compliment, this, but a dangerous one, for it is sometimes only too apt to lead to

Serving a population of a million people.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

Over 700 out-patient attendances daily. (400 beds.)

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR APPEAL.

WE NEED EVERY DAY £150 TO MAINTAIN OUR HOMES AND TRAINING SHIP.

Over 27,000 young lives have passed through the doors of

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(*FOUNDED* 1843.)

Will YOU help us to give a chance to 27,000 more?

WE NEED FUNDS NOW

£36 will keep a Girl one Year in one of our Girls' Homes.
£40 will give a Boy a Year's Home and Training.
£75 will give a Boy a chance of One Year in the "Arethusa" Training Ship.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess Lascelles.
FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
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164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.
When responding please mention "The Bystander."

UNHAPPINESS seems to have no place in the scheme of things at Christmas.

Yet the season when so many young hearts are throbbing with expectancy is surely an appropriate time for sympathy and generosity towards their less fortunate brothers and sisters. You show GOOD WILL TO ALL when you send a CHRISTMAS gift to

The N.S.P.C.C.

William J. Elliott, Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Present of Them All

Your Help at this Season

forgetfulness, and this cause, the children's, is one that should never be forgotten.

"All the days, in a hundred ports, in a thousand ways in service for the sailor," is how the British Sailors' Society describes its activities. Its mission is to help in any way it can our merchant seamen, by visiting them, providing those little comforts which might otherwise be forgotten, but which mean so much, and by caring for their widows and orphans.

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are making a special Christmas and New Year appeal. Since their foundation in 1843 between 25,000 and 26,000 children have passed through the hands of these splendid institutions, and thereby been given a start in life which they would not have had otherwise. Few Christmas gifts could be so well applied as in helping this cause.

And, finally, the hospitals. It is one of the tragedies of the age that they should always have to appeal for support. All will gratefully acknowledge your help, but if any particular choice is needed we commend to your notice the Royal Northern Hospital at Holloway, and the Cancer Hospital in the Fulham Road. To enlarge upon their work is unnecessary, but both are in great need of funds. An organisation which is fighting the same battle as the latter hospital is the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which has done splendid work in its campaign against this scourge. There is no disguising the fact that cancer is one of the most serious evils in our midst, and any organisation which devotes itself, as does the Cancer Research Fund, to discovering new ways to lessen its effects is worthy of the support of everyone.

Here, then, we have endeavoured to draw your attention to a few causes which richly merit your attention this Christmastide. There is no joy greater than that of helping others. Let this joy be yours.

BEFORE
you put up the HOLLY

Reflect . . . Must your hospitality be confined to your own home circle? Whilst arranging for your own comfort and happiness, will you not

Remember those other HOMES

At no other time is poverty so poignant—KINDNESS so welcome. Let the Church Army be your messenger in sending Christmas Cheer to these poor people to whom Christmas otherwise means so very, very little.

£5 provides a parcel for Ten families. Each parcel contains enough good fare to last the holiday.

WHATEVER YOU CAN SPARE, please send to-day to Prebendary CARLILE, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1. Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army."

The CHURCH ARMY

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND.

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bart, K.C.B.
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Director—DR. J. A. MURRAY, F.R.S.

The Honorary Treasurer desires to thank those who have hitherto supported this Fund by their donations and subscriptions.

The object of the Research is for the good not only of the whole British Empire, but of the whole world.

The scope of the work embraces detailed investigation of Cancer as it occurs in the human race, and in the vertebrate animal kingdom.

Our recent researches have undoubtedly advanced our knowledge of Cancer, and it is not too much to hope that the further prosecution of the investigations will ultimately yield results of the greatest importance on the nature and treatment of the disease.

The increased working expenses make it necessary again to appeal most earnestly to the generosity of the British public.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1**, or may be paid to the Westminster Bank, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Miss Smallwood's Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. CHRISTMAS 1928.

CHRISTMAS will soon be with us once more, with all the work it entails—Christmas, known as the Children's Festival—but it is our privilege to administer to the old, and sick, and lonely. We have to see that over 300 Ladies have gifts of money—extra gifts because it is Christmas.

Then we want to suggest people kindly paying one year's rent. Think how lovely to fall asleep on Christmas night and to wake up in the morning and know your rent is paid for a year!

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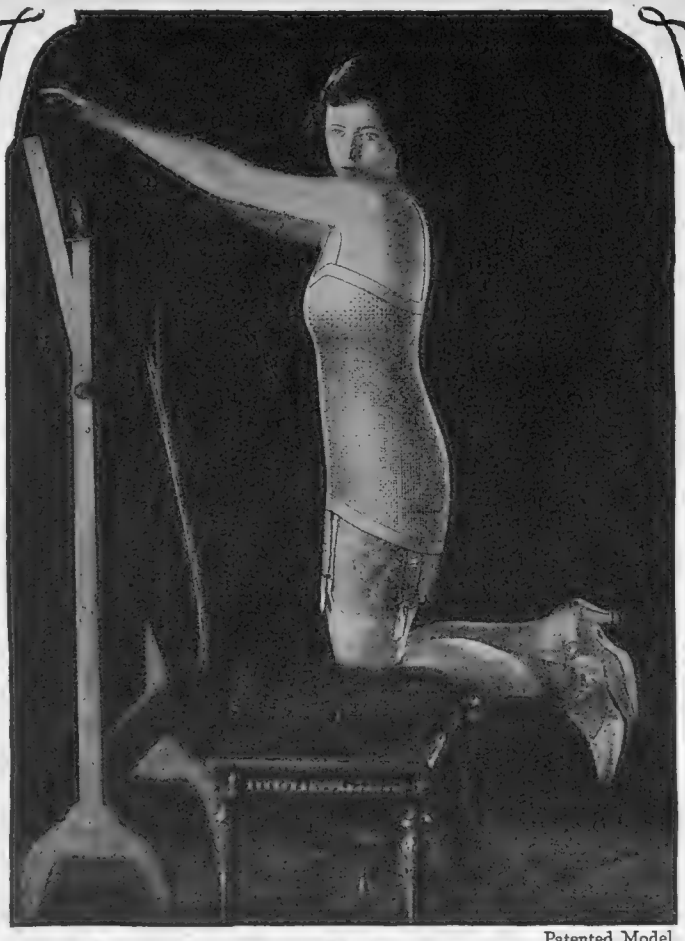

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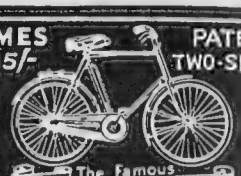

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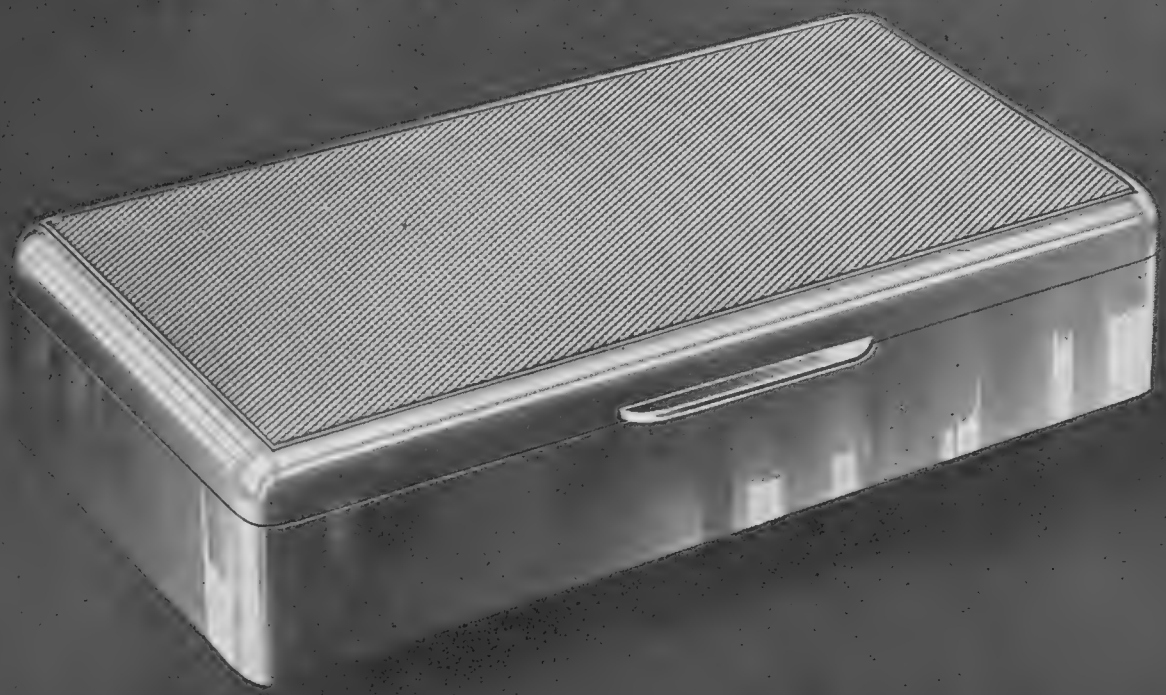

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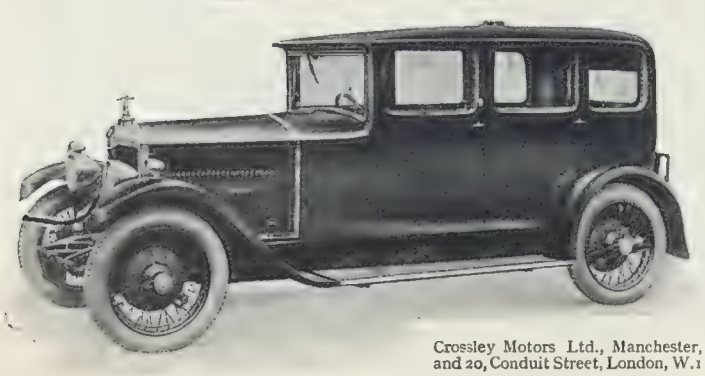

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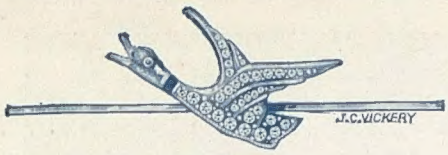

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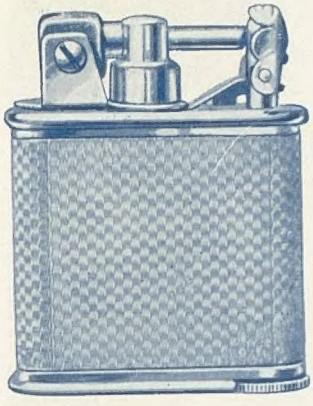

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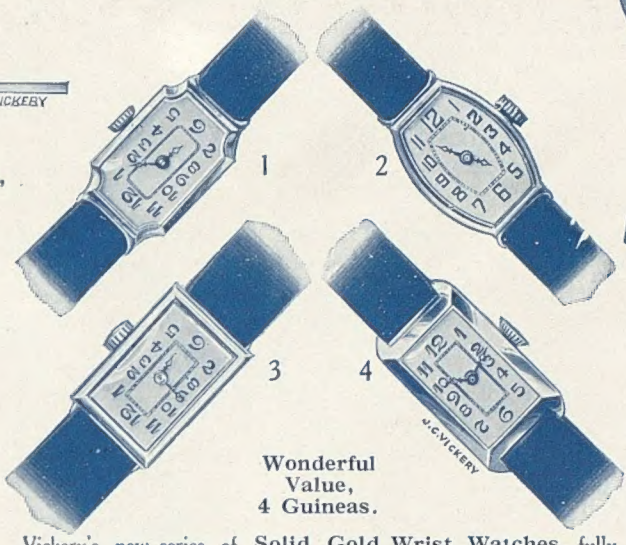

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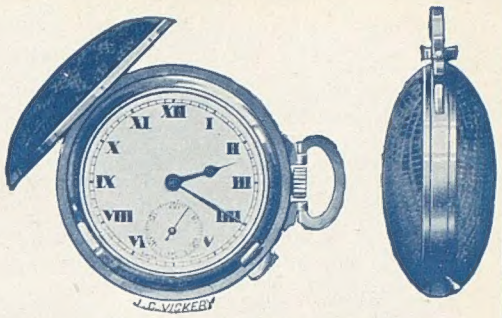

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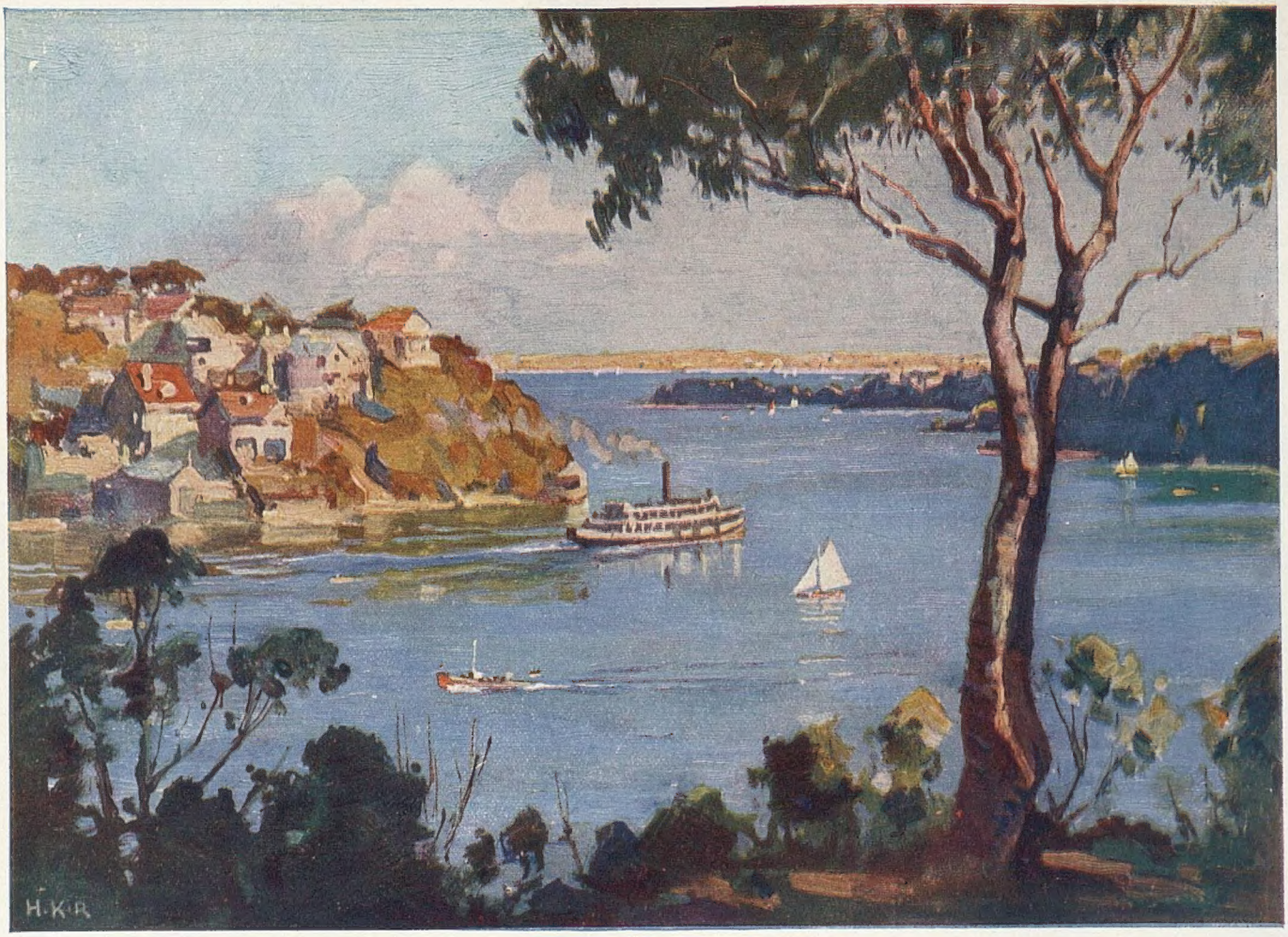

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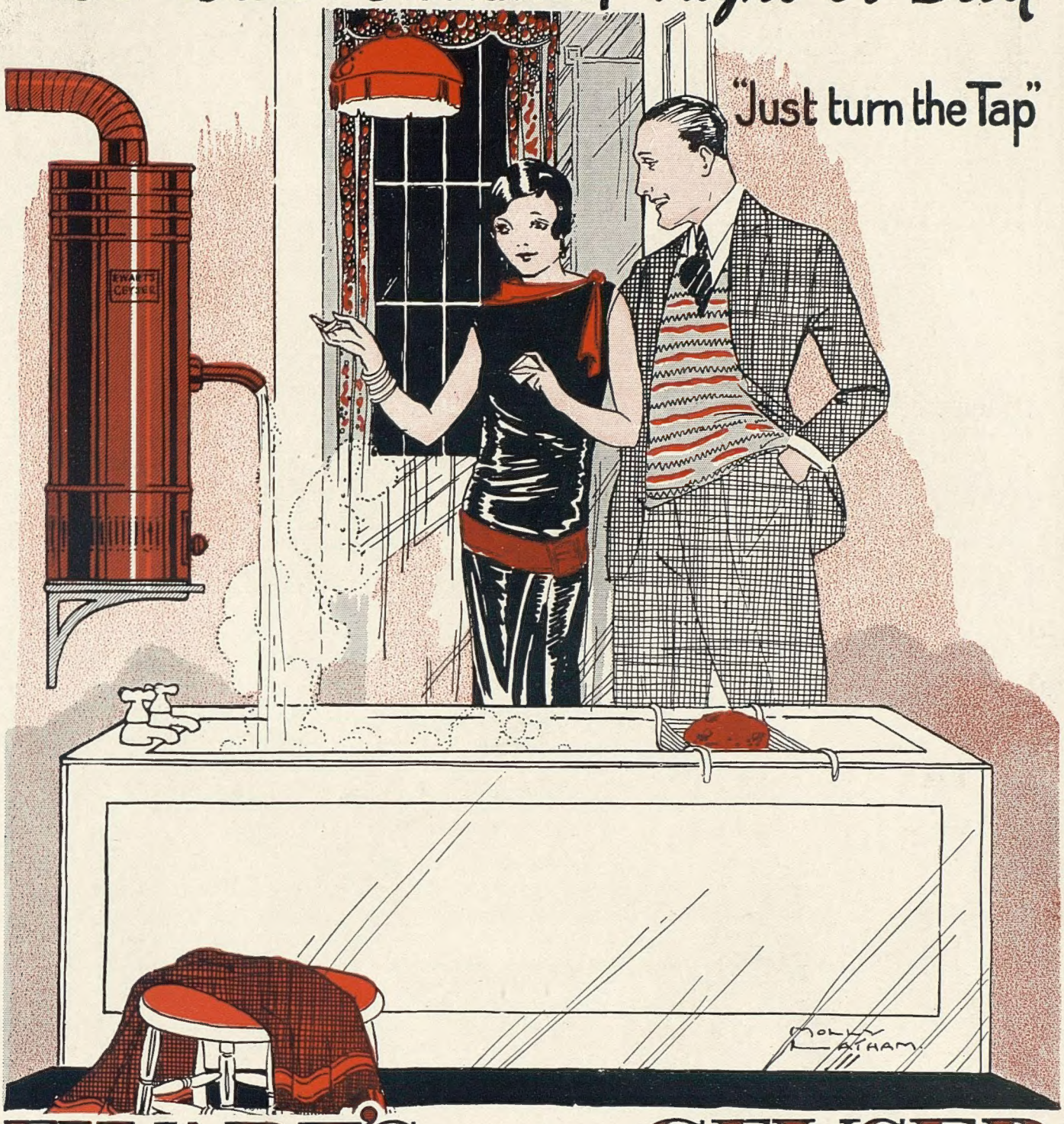

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